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RUSSIA IN FURTHER ASIA.

TWO communications of considerable interest (now that there is likelihood of an at least apparent lull in Russian activity at the points recently most in dispute) have appeared in the *Times* during the last week. The first was the curious story of Russia's dealings with Corea; the second a telegram relating to the most recent proceedings of the indefatigable Colonel PRJEVALSKY. The last is of the least immediate importance, though not of the least interest, and it may be taken first. The gist of it is that the irrepressible explorer has once more failed to get into Thibet, this time by the route of Keria. It is probably safe to conjecture that not a very great many readers of these words have the least idea what or where Keria is. The ignorance is excusable, for it happens to be situated in one of the least known parts of the known world. It is the name of a district, a river, and some mountains in the southern part of Eastern or Chinese Turkestan, bordering on the ranges which separate Turkestan from Chinese Thibet, and in the direction of what may be called Indian Thibet—the latter piece of information being, perhaps, not the least instructive. The gallant Colonel's defeat is said to have been due to the ingenuity of the Chinese, who blocked the mountain paths and broke down the bridges. They had formerly tried personal resistance, with less success, and it is one of the most curious parts of the whole story that, Russia being at perfect peace with China, and Eastern Turkestan being unquestionably Chinese, a Russian explorer, with an armed escort of Cossacks, should be roaming about the place assisting geography with firearms and reducing the actual possessors to the effectual, if not heroic, tactics of destroying the communications of the country in order to prevent his trying Berdan rifles on them.

The Corean business is more complicated and perhaps more conjectural, though it may be said once for all that there is every reason for believing the statements of the *Times* Correspondent to be substantially true. The formal denial by semi-official or official Russian newspapers which preceded that statement is of itself pretty convincing to those who are reasonably well informed. How far the story of the Russo-German adventurer MÖLLENDORFF, who was commissioned by LI HUNG CHANG to act as a Chinese agent, and played booty with the Russian authorities at Vladivostock, is exact does not matter at all. Even the details of the proposed treaty (by which the Corean forces were to be officered by Russians, the foreign relations of Corea were to be under Russian control in return for a guarantee against foreign attacks, Port Lazareff was to be handed over to Russia, and Corea and the Maritime Province were to be united by a system of roads) may be accepted literally or not. They are in all probability quite accurate. But what must be taken as little short of absolutely certain is, that an attempt was recently made by Russia to acquire a protectorate over Corea, and that, the attempt failing, it has been shaded off by official representations into a mere bargain for commercial advantages. Every one who has watched the process of Russian creeping down the coast of the Pacific—the absorption of the monstrous cantle which the Amour cuts out just before it makes for the sea, the formation of the Maritime Province, the exchanges with Japan which gave Russia the whole of Saghalien, and so forth, not to mention the encroachments, or attempts at encroachment, on Manchuria—has foreseen that a bold stroke would be made for Corea before very long. The result of

the success of such a stroke would be that Russia would not only obtain valuable territory, but on the one side would secure what she has not now got, Pacific harbours open all the year round, and on the other would completely dominate the land-locked waters which lead to the capital of China on one side and wash the coasts of Japan on the other.

Many things have contributed to assist this design—the indifference of England to these distant regions, the absence of any other European competition, the jealousy of Japan and China, the bad organization and slow movement of the vast forces of the Chinese Empire. But it is not quite certain that the Russian move, cleverly made and just defeated, may not be the last which Russia has a chance of making without actual war. It is said by authorities different from those just quoted, but worthy of not less respect, that both China and Japan have at last waked up to the dangerous advantage given by their family jars to the powerful and unscrupulous neighbour who has so long been edging down upon them. Whatever truth there may be in the rumours of a triple understanding (not, of course, a triple alliance) between these two Powers and England to check Russian designs and advances, it is certain that such an understanding, which need not be a formal one, would be an exceedingly sensible thing for the interests of all three. England has not the slightest desire for any territorial acquisitions in those seas other than a few strategic points which for the most part she already possesses, and every step that Russia advances must be to the detriment of either China, or Japan, or both. On the other hand, with China and Japan combined to check her, Russia is quite powerless to advance. The Japanese navy could sink every Russian craft in the Pacific to-morrow, and the lesson of Tonquin shows what China can still do against the best European land troops. The only point of importance is that Japan and China should clearly understand the difference between the position of the two great European Powers which stand opposed to each other in Asia. Few Englishmen, it is to be hoped, are so foolish as to attempt to pose as disinterested philanthropists, while they represent Russians as designing fiends. We are, of course, fighting quite as much for our own hands as the Russians are, though we fight as a rule a little more fairly. But the point of importance is that the objects for which Englishmen contend are not objects which involve any loss or damage to the Oriental States, while the objects for which Russia contends are objects which involve such damage. Russia has little or no foreign trade, and she is not within centuries of pretending to a command of the seas. Her design is the acquisition of territory, the dethronement or reduction to puppethood of native dynasties, the turning of all Asia—literally all—into a Russian continent. It is for this that she intrigues and bribes and explores and advances from the Caucasus to the Sea of Japan. Territorial absorption and national obliteration are her sole objects. The objects of England may be much less magnificent, but they are also much less formidable to Eastern nations. Except perhaps in the immediate neighbourhood of India, and with scarcely that exception, there is not a district of Continental Asia which England would not much rather see in the hands of strong and friendly native powers than in her own. Liberty to trade and the possession of the strategic points necessary to serve as stations for her navy are all that England wants from any Asiatic sovereign, from the SULTAN to the MIKADO. That in pursuing these two objects English dealings with these sovereigns and with their countries have not in the past been all that they

should be is perfectly true. But that is not the present question. The present question—the question always present with intelligent politicians—is what is most for the interest of China, of Japan, of Persia (for the whole Russo-Asiatic question is really one, and ought to be treated as such), and of every other kingdom or empire concerned. Eastern politicians have never been destitute of intelligence, though in times past they have been by no means well informed. But their lack of information has been, or at least ought to have been, supplied nowadays, and they have ample means for deciding the very simple question which lies before them. That question simply is, Do they want to be eaten up or not? If they do not want to be eaten up it is difficult to see what other reason they can have for favouring the advances of Russia, which has absolutely nothing to offer them except the exercise of her teeth at their expense.

#### THE TRADE-UNIONS CONGRESS.

IT is a hackneyed saying that knowledge is power; and it is much to be wished that the converse proposition were true. Modern legislation has conferred great political power on the class which is directly or indirectly represented at the Trade-Unions Congress; but the delegates, who are probably selected for their comparative intelligence, are surprisingly deficient in knowledge. Several resolutions of the Congress were to the effect that the State, or, in other words, those taxpayers who are not engaged in manual labour, should be subjected to additional burdens for the benefit of artisans and labourers. Not only is education to be gratuitous, but the unhappy members of the middle and upper classes are to pay for the privilege of being governed by a Parliament largely composed of working-men. The payment of members would remove the main obstacle to the system which is called the representation of labour, though one of the delegates complained of "the jealousy existing among the workmen themselves as to who should enter Parliament." The President, who was cordially thanked for his address, demanded an Eight Hours Bill, to be enforced by salaried inspectors, of course chosen from the same privileged section of the community. The same authority proposed that the rate of wages should be regulated by compulsory arbitration, with the anticipated result of largely increasing the share of profits to be received by the workmen. There is no doubt that an increase of wages would be frequently awarded; but it would tax the powers even of a House of Commons consisting of Trade-Unions delegates to compel employers to work at a loss.

It is not altogether to be regretted that iniquitous projects of class legislation should be disclosed with cynical frankness. The agitators of the Farmers' Alliance who demanded judicial rents now receive notice that they may in their turn be required to pay a judicial rate of wages. As Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says, freedom of contract is part of "the convenient cant of selfish wealth." The relation between demand and supply, though it was denounced in the same eloquent sentence, may perhaps be more difficult to deal with. When the Socialists and the Trade-Unions have succeeded in doubling the cost of production, the demand for goods is likely to be met by a foreign supply. There remains the resource of high protective duties to be imposed on the helpless consumer. The President of the Congress boldly repudiates all the doctrines which have hitherto been held to constitute the science of political economy. Not content with proposing a large reduction in the hours of labour, he regards labour-saving machines as a principal cause of the hardships supposed to be suffered by workmen. Early in the present century farm-labourers notoriously demolished threshing-machines, on the ground of their competition with manual labour. It is strange that the high pretensions of Trade-Union artisans in the present day should not prevent one of their principal representatives from uttering a protest against mechanical improvement. Mr. THRELFALL might perhaps defend himself by showing that agitators of higher political rank aim at the same object when they propose largely to increase the number of persons to be employed in the cultivation of land.

One of the delegates had the good sense to remark that there was not much difference between a duke and a manufacturing millionaire. If one is to be robbed of his land, it would be an absurd weakness to respect the money of the other. When the materials of plunder run short, it may perhaps be worth the while of agricultural labourers to

claim a share of the property of substantial farmers. The cant of selfish wealth, even when wealth is divided into comparatively small portions, of course deserves no consideration. It is not surprising that the managers of the Farmers' Alliance think of dissolving their special organization, and of seeking admittance to Mr. ARNOLD's Land League. The founder and principal member of the League seems to hesitate as to the reception of a body of proselytes who will scarcely sympathize with the policy of substituting petty freeholds for large areas devoted to scientific cultivation. The farmers well know that the leaders of the Labourers' Union are their bitterest enemies. Much nonsense was talked at the Congress about questions relating to land; but the resolution of last year for the nationalization of the land was on this occasion defeated by a considerable majority. It is difficult to conjecture the meaning of a statement by one of the delegates that high rentals are attributable to the amount of money advanced on land. To ordinary understandings it seems obvious that a landlord will be equally anxious to obtain the best rent, whether his estate is encumbered or free, as long as he has a margin over the interest of mortgages. The same economist proposed the abolition of tithe, which is a charge on the landlord, and which would certainly not be handed over either to owner or occupier if it were confiscated by Parliament.

The State, or the *populus miser contribuens*, is not the only destined victim of future class legislation. A Mr. DRUMMOND of Glasgow was of opinion "that legislative enactment was necessary to cancel all those rights given by CHARLES II. to his courtiers and others, and to insist that every one who could not show title-deeds to his property should be compelled to give up the land he held." This wonderful projector seems nevertheless to have had some glimmering of fairness, for he added the sound remark that "in his mind compensation was the greatest difficulty." Not only would compensation be expensive. If it were adequate, it would leave no profit on the transaction. The proposed scrutiny of titles is the oddest of the forms which predatory agitation has hitherto assumed. Any landowners who hold under grants by CHARLES II. "and others" are likely to have unassailable titles. Lord CAIRNS's reduction of the period of prescription from twenty years to twelve has not in general been considered an illiberal or retrograde measure. The reopening of titles for two hundred years would be a singular innovation. Absurdities of this kind may probably result from the diffusion of false and shallow information in obscure journals and pamphlets, or perhaps in the publications of the Financial Reform Association. CHARLES II. himself might almost sympathize with the unconscious imitator of his *quo warranto* forfeitures of Corporation charters.

The Congress was more legitimately occupied with an animated discussion of a proposal for opening museums and picture galleries on Sundays. The opponents of the measure relied mainly on the possible or probable increase of Sunday labour, but some of the Scotch and Welsh delegates were, greatly to their credit, not ashamed to prefer the religious or Sabbatical objection to interference with an institution which they regard as sacred. In the result it appeared that Mr. BROADHURST had, in opposing a similar motion in the House of Commons, judged correctly of the opinions of the majority. The resolution in favour of Sunday opening was rejected by a substantial majority. In the long list of resolutions passed by the Congress scarcely any other demand is to be found which is equally unaggressive. The Congress proposes to exclude *ex officio* members from Boards of Guardians, either on general grounds of democratic jealousy, or, more probably, through a desire to relax the administration of the Poor-laws. The paupers and others who lately assembled in the streets of Birmingham to protest against the disagreeable restrictions of the workhouse were probably of a lower social grade than the members of Trade-Unions or their delegates; and their objection to the rigid conditions of the distribution of relief were more intelligible. It is not for the interest of the genuine working classes to diminish the securities against careless or lavish Poor-law expenditure.

Another resolution was to the effect that workmen should be appointed as assessors to stipendiary magistrates in all cases affecting the relation of workmen to employers. It is not stated whether the assessors are to have the power of overruling the magistrate in defiance of law and of fact. A singular resolution was carried for the suppression of military drill in Board Schools. The Congress expresses the remarkable opinion that drill tends to prepare the way



for conscription, and it demands that School Boards shall confine their efforts to moral and intellectual cultivation. That physical exercise is also desirable, and that boys may as well learn the rudiments of military discipline, are not considerations which would affect the judgment of a body absolutely incapable of patriotic sympathies. As might have been expected, the Congress, knowing probably nothing of the merits of the case, almost unanimously approved of the strike at the Elswick Works. The proposer of the motion stated, apparently on his own authority, that the manager "had shown much vulgarity of language and manners." It was thought immaterial that the charge had been flatly denied. As it is notorious that a meeting of unionists always approves of a strike, the judgment of the Congress carries as little weight as the denunciation by the Peace Society of any particular war. If other classes were organized like Trade-Unions, they might perhaps be almost equally regardless of all rights and interests except their own; but they would perhaps offer in the form of ostensible regard for the public good the proverbial tribute of hypocrisy which selfishness pays to justice.

#### COCKAIGNE IN GLASGOW.

IF anxiety about the coach was obvious in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech at Warrington last week, it was still more obvious at Glasgow on Tuesday. At Warrington Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's wrath was yet sea working after storm, and the result was those very uncomplimentary references to BROOKS of Sheffield. At Glasgow these references had dwindled down to a mere allusion to "arm-chair politicians," and the main burden of the speaker's remarks was an anxious exhortation to unity. Not, indeed, that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN could even so entirely restrain his natural self-assertiveness. He begged his critics to observe that, if he did not repeat certain things that he has said before, it was not in the least because he repented of them. No flattering construction of that kind is to be put on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's silence. If he does not talk about ransom, if his proposals for endowing a single class at the expense of all other classes are, if even more glowing, still more vague than at Birmingham or at Ipswich, it is merely because he thinks it at the moment inconvenient to be precise. The coach is not to be upset; the arm-chair politicians are not to be frightened; and so Disestablishment (and even that with a kind of proviso) and the bettering of the condition of the labourer by restoring him to the land, and so forth, take the place of the more definite propositions of a few weeks or months ago. Probably there is, as they would have said in old days, a healing intention in the substitution of the phrase "restoring the labourer to the land" for the phrase "restoring the land to the labourer." It is true that the restoration of the land to the labourer, though historically false, is intelligible; but restoring the labourer to the land, if unintelligible, has for that reason the advantage that it cannot be shown to be false. There is, indeed, one sense in which restoring the labourer to the land is intelligible, and that is a sense in which HAROLD HARDRADA was endowed with an English estate; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN can hardly have meant that. We can only suppose that in his desire to soothe the arm-chair politicians Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has remembered the undoubted fact that there is nothing so soothing as nonsense.

Even on Disestablishment, which he, perhaps rather hastily, supposes to be a popular cry in Scotland, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was not very bold. His first introduction of the subject showed an amount of disagreement in his audience which seems to have rather ruffled the speaker's not angelic temper. But, like a wary familiar of the stump, he doubtless took the cue from it. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN poses before the Glaswegians as a disestablisher to the death, but of a charming candour. Perhaps, he thinks, he may be unduly prejudiced by the circumstances of his birth and education; and, indeed, there are persons who think that they have discovered some signs of such an unfavourable influence. But he is a disestablisher pure and simple, and it would seem also a disendower pure and simple, though at this point the mist settles down again on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's exact intentions and pervades still more palpably Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's reasoning. Holding, with less historical inaccuracy than is usual with him, that "those vast endowments" were originally intended, among other purposes, for charitable and educational objects, he hopes that they will be restored, not, as the course of the argument would

seem to necessitate, to all the purposes, but to the purpose of doles and free education only. The logic is faulty, but the rhetoric is quite sound. Yet Mr. CHAMBERLAIN knows perfectly well that if he were to insist on Disestablishment as a test question in Scotland, he would play directly into the hands of the Tory party. So, after arguing for some time to show the religious, political, and moral necessity of Disestablishment, after expressing the strength of his own convictions on the subject, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN suddenly made a volteface and entreated his hearers "not to make this question, under all circumstances, an indispensable condition." It must after this be quite impossible for any one to question Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's preference of right to expediency or to suspect him of what he himself generously denounces as "the base and unworthy motives of a desire for power and place." A man who thinks of an Established Church as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN does, and yet counsels others to vote for a devotee of Establishment rather than let a Tory majority in and keep a Tory Government in power, has given proofs of his superior attachment to principle which cannot be disputed.

The endowment of the poorer voters, however, is, as always, the chief point on which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's mind is set. And let no one say that this is an unfair description of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's object, for, as it happens, it is a description which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has himself furnished. He was very severe at Glasgow upon a candidate who has observed, with a perhaps indiscreet frankness, that human beings have no more natural rights than pigs or cows. Perhaps because meeting this position on abstract philosophical grounds would be rather hard work, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN adopted a simpler test. The pigs and the cows had not votes, said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with a conviction which this time cannot be mistaken, and it would probably be the worse for that candidate. Exactly; the test of all things is the ballot-box. We are bound to conclude from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's argument that, if some ardent reformer were to get a pig franchise carried, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's desires would be at once directed to the elevation of pigs in the scale of moral and material well-being. But at present the pigs have no votes, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in the businesslike spirit of his race, devotes himself to the interests of those who have. *Dat ut dent* seems to follow inevitably from the terms of his denunciation of the unlucky candidate. However that may be, he is for the present fixed in his desire to carve a comfortable competence for the indigent voter out of something—the particular something not being at present stated, for fear apparently of frightening BROOKS of Sheffield. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has even fixed the standard of comfort which the indigent voter is to have provided for him, and it is that of a man with a hundred thousand a year. Here, again, we exaggerate nothing. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would admit that it is for the present impossible to give each indigent voter a hundred thousand a year; but he explains (in a portrait of the ideal man with a hundred thousand a year which is so engaging that one would really like to know the original) that the personal delights extracted from that income are comparatively modest. The major part of it goes in show or entertainments. The hundred-thousand-pounder confines himself to plentiful but plain living, family society, books, pictures, and gardens. Now it is clear to every one that plain but plentiful living can be provided out of the Something for each indigent voter; that Corporations can, again out of the Something, make him public libraries, galleries, and gardens which will supply, in common, of course, the place of the hundred-thousand-pounder's possession in particular. Family delights the indigent voter can provide for himself, as indeed he does, after his views of them, at present. Such is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's scheme for giving every man an equivalent for a hundred thousand a year. The anatomy of that equivalent might, under proper circumstances, be a very interesting exercise. That the major part of the hundred-thousand-pounder's delight arises from the mere fact of exclusive possession, and that possession is exactly what no legerdmain of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's or any one else's can give to the population of this or any other country, is a point too obvious to need much more than bare statement. That the whole scheme comes to the old proclamation of "Sovereigns a penny a measure!" need only be remarked. But what is of first and most importance is that at each unveiling of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Utopia it becomes more and more a paradise of Cockaigne. All these good things, all these hundred-thousand-pound delights, the State is, it is clear, to provide for everybody—

for the idle as well as for the industrious, for the dull as well as for the intelligent. All the stimulus to individual exertion which has taken the world out of savagery is to be withdrawn. It may almost be said that all the causes which have created the wealth which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN longs to redivide are to be done away with. A paradise of Cockaigne, a paradise of laziness, a paradise of jealousy of eminence—a paradise by degrees, and not slow degrees, of impoverishment, stagnation, starvation, that is the Promised Land to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN invites his flock to follow him.

#### THE YORK CHURCHES.

WE cannot always approve of the views of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings; but by its prompt action with regard to the threatened parish churches of York it has earned the thanks of all who either admire old buildings or venerate sacred associations. York, unlike London, still possesses many mediæval features. No great fire like that which devastated London in 1666 ever intervened to cut off the continuity of architectural life. The greatest loss York ever suffered was at the Reformation, when nineteen parish churches were destroyed; but as twenty-three survive, besides the famous Cathedral, there are few cities of its size so well provided. Nor is it for number only that the York churches are remarkable. Had the Great Fire spared the old London parish churches, it is to be feared that with one or two exceptions, such as St. Mary-le-Bow or St. Michael's, they would have been of slight architectural importance. The few that are left are, it may be supposed, average examples. But in York the case is wholly different. In London there was, during the great church-building ages, little or no good stone to be obtained. The fabrics of churches before WREN were patchwork of wood, brick, tile, and plaster, with, no doubt, much picturesqueness, but little in the way of architectural beauty. At York good stone was at hand, and we have a long list of fine churches, and also of churches whose antiquity is remarkable. One, in particular, which bears a long name—like a majority of York churches—is supposed by some to have a Saxon tower, and architectural students are well acquainted with St. Mary-Bishop-Hill-Junior. There are churches worth seeing at the Micklegate and at the Castlegate, and most visitors will remember the porch of St. Margaret's, the lantern of St. Helen's, Stonegate, and the stained glass of St. Martin-le-Grand, Coney Street. It is hardly possible to imagine a greater loss to the appearance of the ancient city than would be sustained if any of these churches were pulled down; and it is because the interference of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings seems to have had very considerable influence in averting such a misfortune that we venture to congratulate its Committee.

The proposal emanated from a local body known as the York Church Extension Scheme Committee, of which Archdeacon CROSTHWAITHE is Secretary, and the Archbishop of YORK Patron or President, or, at all events, defender and champion. It appears that early in the present year the "Scheme" was broached. One of the York newspapers informed its readers on the 10th of February that six churches were to be "disused," the parishes being united to others, and announced that "where churches are disused it is intended to remove them." The churches thus proscribed were St. Crux, Christ's Church, St. Michael, St. Helen, St. John, and St. Martin. This article fell into the hands of some members of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, who made inquiries, and discovered that not six only, but nine churches were threatened, and, incredible as it may seem, St. Mary-Bishop-Hill-Junior was among them. The Committee of the Society thereupon took a step which, to judge from the anger it aroused on the part of the framers of the Scheme, seems to have been the very best they could have hit upon. They had the audacity to call a meeting in York itself, under the very noses of the ARCHBISHOP, the ARCHDEACON, and the other contrivers of the "Scheme." To this meeting the Scheme Committee—perhaps we should endeavour to resist the temptation to say briefly the Schemers—sent a representative, who determined not to be outdone in audacity by the Society. He scolded the members for having "hurried to a conclusion," and went on to assure them that "there was no intention of pulling down" nine churches, or even six. This meeting took place on the 30th of May; but either Mr. HARGROVE's speech was not believed locally

or was not made generally known, for on the 9th of July another Society took up the question. The Association for Promoting Free and Open Churches had heard of the proposed destructions, and the Council passed a resolution on the subject, and forwarded a copy of it to the ARCHBISHOP. His Grace replied by asking the Association to name the churches it was proposed to destroy, and by informing it that he considered it was "travelling out of its proper function." The list as given above was sent with a temperate letter, in which Mr. VERNON, the Secretary of the Association, pointed out that it was incorporated for the erection, repair, and maintenance of churches. Several other letters passed, in the last of which the ARCHBISHOP condescended to accuse the Association of having obtained its information from what he described as "other sources." The correspondence was interesting from the indignation with which the ARCHBISHOP treated the proposal to pull down the churches, and the evident distrust of his protestations by the Association—a distrust fully justified, as it turns out. The ARCHBISHOP's vehement disclaimers were the result of correspondence with yet a third Society. So far back as March last, and before the meeting of the Protection Society, Lord PERCY, who is President of the Royal Archeological Institute, had heard of the scheme, and was moved to commence a correspondence, not yet concluded, though it has been transferred to the columns of the *Times*. Lord PERCY wrote first to ask if the ARCHBISHOP knew and approved of the scheme. The reply was very unsatisfactory. The ARCHBISHOP thought it "open to consideration" whether churches not required should be preserved. Lord PERCY, having thus had his worst fears confirmed by the best authority, wrote to the Secretary of the Protection Society approving its action, and also made a speech at the Derby Congress of the Institute in which he mentioned the matter. Strange to say, the ARCHBISHOP is surprised at this, and writes to protest that no such destruction as Lord PERCY referred to was intended, or would take place. He further complains that Lord PERCY made his speech with the ARCHBISHOP's disclaimer in his pocket.

When Archbishops, or even humbler folk, refer to letters, they should have copies before them. Lord PERCY, of course, had only to cite the ARCHBISHOP's expression of doubt as to the preservation of unused churches to justify what he had said. The ARCHBISHOP would have been well advised if he had let the matter rest there. Nothing more would in all probability have been heard of the proposal. But he wrote a long reply, reiterating the charge of keeping back the first letter, and going into a number of side issues, but wholly failing to meet Lord PERCY's reference to the unfortunate sentence. Lord PERCY then sent the whole correspondence to the *Times*, and in a leading article on the 10th of this month that paper summed up against the ARCHBISHOP, pointing out that Lord PERCY has the best of it in the controversy, as he has obtained an explicit assurance that "no churches are to be removed." When this assurance is compared with the language of the ARCHBISHOP's first letter there can be no doubt as to the extent and value of the change. Here the matter, again, might well have been allowed to rest, especially as the York papers meanwhile announced that there is strong local feeling as to the disuse of some of the parish churches, and that something is likely to be done by way of repair.

But the ARCHBISHOP, or, it may be perhaps permissible to hope, the ARCHBISHOP's private secretary, has a very short memory. Notwithstanding the indignant letters to Lord PERCY, notwithstanding the repudiation over and over again of any intention of destroying churches, notwithstanding Mr. HARGROVE's speech on behalf of the Scheme Committee, notwithstanding the scolding administered to Mr. VERNON, a letter appears in the *Times* of Wednesday, in which his Grace reopens the whole question. The wording of the letter is peculiar; nor is the ARCHBISHOP's object in writing very easy to make out. He wishes to guard himself "against being supposed to give any pledge." He does not say as to what the pledge is expected, but it is only reasonable to suppose a reference is intended to the scheme for destroying the churches. His Grace would have us understand that he gives no pledge that the churches will be preserved. On the contrary, quoting the sentence from his first letter which caused the subsequent correspondence, he explains it to be a prophecy of what will happen at some future time, or "a historical speculation," and apparently wishes it to be understood that he gives no pledge to do anything to avert the misfortune.



The prominent characteristic of all the letters of the Archbishop of YORK on this subject is an irritability which the circumstances hardly call for. No one can deny that a wholesale destruction of York churches was contemplated; and until the ARCHBISHOP wrote his second letter to Lord PERCY the public were certainly justified in supposing that his Grace approved of the scheme. It would be much more to the point if, instead of denying the existence of such a plan, some one of the Committee would come forward and say plainly, "We did entertain such an idea, but, seeing it was unpopular, we abandoned it." When we read such letters as the ARCHBISHOP has addressed to Lord PERCY and to Mr. VERNON, their unnecessary warmth leads to a kind of instinctive doubt of their sincerity—a doubt which we could never have brought ourselves to express had it not been for his Grace's letter in the *Times* of Wednesday. The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has evidently much work cut out for it—this is what the ARCHBISHOP designates "a historical speculation"—if they intend to prevent the destruction of the closed churches.

#### THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

THERE is reason to hope that the question of the Caroline Islands may be peaceably settled; but the issues which have been raised by the German claim are numerous and complicated. There is reason to believe that the English Government has taken a part in the discussion, of course with the exclusive purpose of protecting commercial interests. The suspicion that an attempt would be made to connect the controversy on the Caroline Islands with the remoter subject of the alcoholic scale and the most-favoured-nation clause can scarcely have any solid foundation. The Note which Lord SALISBURY lately addressed to the Spanish Government places on record the awkward or wilful blunder which the Marquis of CASA LA IGLESIA had endeavoured to explain away in a letter to the *Times*. The Spanish Ministry failed to fulfil its promise of submitting to the Cortes the agreement embodied in the Declaration. Señor ELDUAYEN excused his default by the erroneous allegation that the English Parliament had previously failed to sanction the compact. Lord SALISBURY has replied that, according to English practice, the Resolution of the House of Commons, communicated to the Spanish Government by Sir ROBERT MORIER, was binding on the Legislature and the Government. His contention is so obviously just that it may perhaps induce the present Spanish Cabinet or its successors to give effect to the Declaration. Any English Government which may be in power will probably be willing to revive the lapsed agreement. It would not be desirable to mix up the Declaration or its breach with entirely irrelevant disputes as to the sovereignty of islands in the Pacific. No English Minister is likely to imitate the perversity of Spanish negotiators who obstinately persisted in the attempt to make the performance of a plain agreement dependent on arrangements relating to the contraband trade in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar.

If it is true that the English Chargé d'Affaires at Madrid has been instructed to make a communication as to the Caroline Islands, no protest or reservation relating to the Spanish claim of sovereignty can have been intended as a recognition of the German title. It is not the policy of England to facilitate, though it may be unable to prevent, the efforts which Prince BISMARCK is making to extend the German dominions beyond the sea. His success on the West Coast of Africa was principally caused by the culpable procrastination and carelessness of the Colonial Office. His recent annexation of territory claimed by the Sultan of ZANZIBAR was in the highest degree unpalatable to Englishmen who were interested in the East African trade. In transferring his energies to islands in the Pacific, Prince BISMARCK has not interfered with any English title to sovereignty; but the occupation of uncivilized regions by European potentates almost always tends to imperil English commerce. Simple-minded natives generally prefer sound and cheap goods to the commodities for which their conquerors charge arbitrary prices. A new French or German settlement is immediately afflicted with a protective or prohibitive tariff, to the detriment of independent traders. The English Government may perhaps regard as equally objectionable the annexation of the Caroline Islands to Spain or to Germany. Until both the fact that a protest has been made and the nature of the communication are ascertained it is premature to discuss the subject. The most probable

purport of the communication would be the assertion of English claims to any privileges which may be conceded to Germany as a condition of a possible acknowledgment of Spanish sovereignty. There is no reason why the English Government should assent to Prince BISMARCK's contention that the conclusions of the West African Conference apply to other parts of the world. The Spaniards contend with much plausibility that the attention of the delegates was exclusively directed to the annexations which Germany and France were effecting or contemplating on the African continent. The acquisition of New Guinea was legalized, not by the decision of the Conference, but by a separate understanding with England as the only rival claimant.

It has been stated, apparently on good authority, that the trade of the Caroline Islands is exclusively conducted by English and by German merchants. There are, apparently, no Spanish traders in Yap or in the adjacent islands. According to the same account, there are three or four German firms and only one English; but, on the other hand, the English house does more business than all its German competitors. In extending his protection to his German fellow-subjects, Prince BISMARCK would reduce the English firms to the condition of aliens; and he would certainly proceed to favour German goods by a discriminating tariff. The disturbance which he has caused seems, therefore, to affect English rather than Spanish interests, although the issue of national honour is only raised between Spain and Germany. The protests which were some years ago simultaneously presented by the English and German Governments against the Spanish pretension to the possession of the Islands were intended to prevent Spanish functionaries from levying duties on foreign commerce in the Islands. The English Government has perhaps now foreseen that in any event English trade will suffer. The Spanish Government would disarm any possible English opposition to its claims by agreeing that foreign trade with the Islands should, as in past times, be unrestricted. If the Islands should, by arbitration or otherwise, fall into the hands of the German Government, a similar security might fairly be required from the new sovereign. Whether Germany or Spain would concede so equitable a demand, it is perhaps premature to form a conjecture. When the English of the eighteenth century were accused by their enemies of "filching sugar islands," the charge, except for the invidious verb, could hardly be denied; but as often as an additional island in the West Indies was annexed, it only exchanged one protective tariff for another. It was at least as profitable to trade exclusively with England as to be confined to the French market. In the present day Continental States extend their dominions with the main object of excluding English trade.

There can be little doubt that Prince BISMARCK was, in the first instance, surprised at the commotion which he has raised in Spain. He would probably prefer the stability of one of the remaining hereditary thrones to any profit which German merchants could derive from a monopoly of a petty commerce in the Pacific; but claims which might well have been withheld are not therefore easily retracted. His published Note, though it is courteous in style and moderate in substance, intimates no disposition to make an unqualified retreat. With good-will on both sides, the dispute might be quietly settled, and on the face of the negotiations, as far as they are publicly known, there seems to be no serious obstacle to the establishment of a friendly understanding. There is no sign of excitement on the German side; and indeed Prince BISMARCK is not in the habit of consulting popular opinion in his administration of foreign affairs. The Spanish Government would probably, if it could, be moderate and reasonable, but both the Ministers and the leaders of Opposition have, in their anxiety to conciliate public favour, raised formidable difficulties in the way of a reasonable compromise. Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO has on this occasion sacrificed the reputation which he had acquired as a prudent and independent statesman. The best remedy for the blunders which he has committed would have been a change of Government, if SAGASTA and his political allies had not with blind and selfish precipitation pledged themselves to the prosecution of the quarrel in the contingency of their succeeding to power. The KING alone appears to have retained his sound judgment, and to have consulted the public welfare. He has at least had the opportunity of illustrating the main advantage of kingly government in conferring power on one person independent of party and identified in interest with the entire nation. ALFONSO XII. has from the first steadily refused his assent

to a pugnacious policy. There can be little doubt that, while partisans are clamouring for war, independent and patriotic Spaniards heartily approve the conduct of the KING.

Unfortunately there are other powers besides the people, the Crown, and the Parliament to be considered in Spanish politics. The army has in former times decided the fate of Ministers, of dynasties, and of forms of government; and grave doubts are now entertained as to its loyalty and discipline. During a recent street disturbance in Madrid, it is said that the soldiers were on the point of fraternizing with the mob when General PAVIA appeared on the spot and resolutely dispersed the rioters. Even the navy has been, perhaps, shaken in its allegiance by the folly of the Government in announcing that the commanders of the gunboats at Yap had behaved with pusillanimity in the presence of a German cruiser. The MINISTER OF MARINE has since thought it necessary to contradict his colleagues by a published statement that the officers who had been denounced acted in strict conformity with their orders. Some observers believe that the troops would be ready for a military demonstration if they had any leader of sufficient influence. One general officer has had the impertinence to return to the German Government a decoration which he had accepted on the occasion of the CROWN PRINCE'S visit to Spain. Much curiosity is felt as to the intentions of General LOPEZ DOMINGUEZ, whom some suspect of a disposition to imitate the career of his uncle, Marshal SERRANO. If those who feel confident that the army is personally loyal to the KING are in the right, the danger will blow over; but every faction is intriguing for its own purposes, and the Republican minority is ready to profit by the contests of Conservative and Liberal leaders. Its own triumph will be impeded by the recollection of the anarchy and civil war which resulted from the last accession of the Republicans to power; but the position of the dynasty and the Constitution are painfully precarious.

#### SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S DOGS.

NO one, we imagine, will dispute the extent and accuracy of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK'S acquaintance with the habits of the ant; and it will probably be admitted that he knows a thing or two about bees. But though very few among us are students of the mental and moral characteristics of the bee and ant, a good many of us, fortunately for our spiritual well-being, live on terms of more or less affectionate intimacy with the dog. On the subject, therefore, of that worthy animal's gifts and aptitudes an expert public exists beyond the scientific circle, and members of the British Association who undertake to instruct us thereon must accordingly be prepared to face a certain amount of considerably keener criticism from the laity. We may not, for instance, or some of us, be quite so impressed with Sir JOHN LUBBOCK'S experiments on the canine faculty as he probably expects us to be. We congratulate him, indeed, on the acquirements of "Van," and beg him to convey to that black poodle the assurance of our most distinguished consideration. But when his master tells us that "Van" is able to signify his wants by making the right selection from a row of cards marked respectively "food," "water," "tea," &c., and when he adds that "no one could doubt that the animal was able to distinguish the different words," we are obliged to reply that no one would indeed doubt a dog's capacity for performing a trick which has been frequently mastered by an animal of far inferior powers. No one, we apprehend, would rate the pig high in the scale of irrational intelligence. Not only is he an extremely stolid animal, but he displays a contentment with his stolidity which borders upon the cynical. Yet the pig is undoubtedly able to distinguish, and, to the huge satisfaction of many a country bumpkin at a fair, has in fact been often known to distinguish, one card from another. We cannot agree, therefore, with Sir JOHN LUBBOCK that "any one with sufficient leisure might carry the experiment much further," and that the attempt would be well worth making. Any competition which assumes an equality between the dog and the pig ought, in our judgment, to be deprecated alike by the friends of both animals. We are of opinion, on the other hand, that the power of a dog to distinguish, as a dog of our acquaintance—if he will allow us to call him so—is able to do, between minutely differing syllables, and to govern himself accordingly, is a very much more interesting faculty, and one which it would be a far

better employment of anybody's leisure to investigate further.

Another objection which we feel bound to take to some of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK'S experiments is of a more general kind. The interest in these experiments, he observes, "is not to teach the dog tricks, but to ascertain its mental condition." Our own interest, we admit, is to teach the dog tricks, and not, except as a secondary motive, to ascertain its mental condition. But we must further take exception to the last quoted phrase. What seems to us to be the object, even the scientific object, of such experiments, is to ascertain, not the dog's mental condition, but his mental capacities. The mental condition of the cleverest of dogs may be initially only on a par with that of the stupidest; his cleverness can only be tested by employing apt methods for evoking the capacity to learn, and observing the amount of rapidity and completeness with which this capacity responds to the appeal. But of course the apt method must be employed; and this condition Sir JOHN LUBBOCK appears in one instance, at any rate, to have neglected. He complains, for example—and we note his complaint with much pain—that a colley in his possession failed to emulate the achievements of the poodle; for, "though she saw Van constantly bringing cards and receiving food, &c., for doing so, she never once thought of procuring food for herself in the same manner." But how should she? Had Sir JOHN LUBBOCK applied the same process of instruction independently in her case as had been applied in "Van's"? Had he, in other words, endeavoured to associate in her mind the expectation of obtaining food, &c., with the act of bringing the card? If not, we prefer to suppose that she had merely drawn the conclusion, strictly warranted by the only data before her, that the result of her bringing cards would be that "Van" would obtain the food, &c. To some of the experiments reported by other members of the Section we must object as frivolous, and to others as positively mischievous. Mr. WALKER'S friends, for instance, might have been better employed than in teaching their dog to "bark at the late Opposition and to show interest and pleasure at the mention of the late Government." Nor are we influenced in this matter by any party considerations; we strongly disapprove of the dog—the type of sagacity and honesty—being stultified and demoralized by association with politics in any form. As to Miss WRAY'S "interesting account of how in three weeks, by means of a bone attached to the door-bell, she had taught a dog to ring that bell," the experiment—at least as reported—ascertains no more than the interesting but not unfamiliar fact that dogs are fond of bones. We could match Miss WRAY'S experiment by relating how in three minutes, by placing a piece of butter on a dog's tongue, the dog has been taught to melt that butter.

#### THE NEW MUDDLE.

THE service franchise, like the law of England, is a "very particular thing." If there is the same rule, there are certainly differences of interpretation, according to the length of the Revising Barrister's foot or other considerations equally relevant. To begin with, the expression "service franchise" is itself a misnomer. It is no new franchise at all, but simply the removal of an old disqualification. If a man would formerly have been qualified as an occupier but for his occupying in respect of his office or employment, he is qualified now. If not, not. This may sound simple. But in practice it is leading to absurd consequences. The old law, whether right or wrong, was at least rational and intelligible. It said that, if a man was liable to be turned out of his house at any moment because his master dismissed him from his post, his tenure was too precarious to give him a vote. This may have been unjust; but if so, it was scientifically unjust, and that is something. What does the Franchise Act of 1884 say? "Where a man himself inhabits any dwelling-house by virtue of any office, service, or employment, and the dwelling-house is not inhabited by any person under whom such man serves in such office, service, or employment, he shall be deemed, for the purposes of this Act and of the Representation of the People Acts, to be an inhabitant occupier of such dwelling-house as a tenant." If it were worth while to criticize a modern Act of Parliament grammatically, we might ask what was the use of the word "himself" in the first line of this section. It is more important to note that the substance of the section follows a



famous decision of the Court of Appeal on the Registration Act of 1878. It was there held, reversing the judgment of the Divisional Court, that the tenant of a separate part of a house was not an occupier, as distinguished from a lodger, if his landlord resided on the premises, or kept the key of them, or exercised control over them. Although this may seem a fantastic view, it did not before the recent extension of the suffrage give rise to any particular inconvenience. But as embodied in the Franchise Act its results are more curious than defensible. We may pass over the points on which the Revising Barristers have been divided in opinion. Some have given votes to soldiers occupying separate quarters in barracks. Others have decided that these claimants are not entitled. In such cases there will doubtless be an appeal, though a good deal may have happened before the appeal is heard.

The law may easily be reduced to an absurdity by taking only examples as to which the words of the Act are plain. Mr. SHADWELL, the Revising Barrister for Marylebone, decided last Tuesday against the claims of eighty assistants in the firm of MESSRS. MARSHALL & SNELGROVE. "It appears," as Mr. MARSHALL says in the *Daily News*, "very hard and very unjust that, whilst coachmen, farm-labourers, and even crossing-sweepers, will enjoy the privilege of voting at the general election, a large number of well-educated men (many of them paying Income-tax) will be debarred from recording their votes." It will be seen from the wording of the Act that any number of shop assistants may be disqualified because a member of the firm, or a manager, lives upon the premises. Why should this circumstance confuse the political intelligence of the shopman or diminish his interest in the prosperity of his country? It is said that the clerks resident in two neighbouring banks in London have been struck off and kept on the register respectively by virtue of this strange distinction. But that is not all. Revising Barristers are very inquisitive. They want to know a great deal about the personal independence of the claimant. Does any other man sleep in the same room with him? Is he prevented from coming in and going out at any hour of the day or night? What would happen if he had friends to see him, and the friends refused to leave on being requested to do so by the manager? Discipline, it seems, is fatal to occupancy, and, even with women's suffrage, Mrs. BAGNET would have been nowhere. Our undergraduates stand in a precarious position, and scarcely know yet whether they are capable citizens. Parliament is loosely said to have "enfranchised" them. But here, again, all that the Act does is to remove the special disqualification from undergraduates otherwise qualified. Are any undergraduates otherwise qualified? The point seems doubtful, for their rooms are not their castles; and at Oxford, with the exception of Christchurch, the rooms are only taken for the term, which lasts eight weeks. It looks as if the Franchise Act would soon have to be amended.

#### AN AUTUMN LEAFLET.

THE late Mr. COBDEN had many faults as a politician, and was far from faultless as a man; but assuredly he never did anything to deserve the discredit which the Club that bears his name have for some years been so industriously associating with it. Much folly has been fathered upon him for which, though not wholly, he was in part responsible; but though he stands convicted of grave errors in some of his political speculations, we are not aware that he was ever detected in argumentative dishonesty, and we do not know by what right his followers claim to disseminate falsehood under, as it were, his forged signature. They have done much to disgrace him in many ways; they might have spared him the last indignity of the "leaflets"—a word which in this connexion begins to fall short of complete accuracy after its first letter, and runs into excess of length by four others—which are issued from time to time by the Cobden Club. It is melancholy to reflect that the series of these periodical efforts of malicious imagination has reached its twenty-sixth number, and to observe that the peculiar genius for mendacity by which they are inspired is as vigorous as ever. Nothing, unfortunately, affords them, for various reasons, so excellent a field for their inventive powers as the latest subject which they have in every sense of the word enlarged upon—the Land-laws. "It was the Tory policy and the class-made laws of the Tory landowners that brought our fathers down to poverty and misery. Their landlord-made

Land-laws, their laws to restrict the amount paid as wages to working-men, their detestable Corn-laws, were all directed towards making themselves richer and us poorer." This choice sentence from Leaflet No. XXVI. issued by the Cobden Club affords an excellent specimen of the sort of stuff which the Club think it safe to try upon their readers, and a fair illustration, therefore, of the sort of respect in which they hold the intelligence and information of those whom they address. The author or authors of this impudent assertion, a Mr. SIMMONS—on whom a double portion of the spirit, not indeed of COBDEN, but of latter-day Cobdenism, appears to have rested—no doubt knew well what its value was when he delivered himself of it. He knew perfectly well that the English law of real property is no more the creation of the Tory party than was the feudal system itself, and, moreover, that during the century and a half which elapsed between the first appearance of the Tory party in our history and the final destruction of their political power, at least on the old lines, by the Reform Act of 1832, the English Land-laws underwent no material change whatever. Whether Mr. SIMMONS has ever heard of the "Act for the abolition of fines and recoveries," or, if he has, whether he knows that this masterly and most valuable simplification of real-property law was the result of the labours of a Commission appointed in 1828 by the Tory Government of the Duke of WELLINGTON, we cannot perhaps wish as much certainty affirm. But the ignorance which he may possibly plead without excusing himself in this case can hardly extend to the whole body of subsequent Land-law reforms in which the Tories have certainly borne their full share; and he would hardly in any case have the face to assert that he had entirely forgotten the most recent, and one of the most useful of such measures, the Settled Land Act, for which the country is indebted to Lord CAIRNS.

As regards the "detestable Corn-laws," a certain latitude in the perversion of the truth must perhaps be allowed to a disciple of the politician to whom Sir ROBERT PEEL so generously assigned his own share in the credit of their repeal. But what are we to think of the reference to Tory "laws to restrict the amount paid as wages to working-men" in face of the fact that no fewer than thirty-three of the statutes most injurious to working-men—statutes, too, which had been originally devised for the protection not of landowners, but of the employers of labour in towns—were repealed in a mass by the Tory Government of 1825? And what of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act passed for the redress of certain grievances of the artisan class under Mr. DISRAELI's Administration in 1875? Or of the Factory Acts, the work of the Tory Lord SHAFTESBURY, and the object of selfish resistance at the hands of the Radical Free-traders of the day? But it would be useless, we fear, to prolong an exposure of this kind—an exposure which has within the last few days been thoroughly effected by an able correspondent in the columns of a provincial newspaper. The Cobden Club is incorrigible, and its SIMMONSES—as silly as the beloved of Miss MIGGS without his redeeming simplicity—will never be wanting to them. The best thing to be hoped for is that, like the clumsy tricksters they are, they may now and then stumble into some falsehood which their intended dupes will be able to detect for themselves, and undergo thereby a greater general loss of credit than could, perhaps, be inflicted upon them by the most elaborate of refutations.

#### THE ELSWICK STRIKE.

THE Elswick strike has ended in a manner which is no doubt eminently satisfactory, but which can hardly be described, according to the conventional formula, as "credit-able to all parties concerned." Creditable to the masters, who made the now accepted proposal of conciliation, it undoubtedly is, and creditable also to Mr. JOHN MORLEY, who exerted himself to get that proposal made; but the credit which attaches to the workmen who by such an overwhelming majority have assented to the masters' terms is by no means of an unqualified kind. Of the two alternatives, it is of course to be preferred that reason and good temper, rather than that folly and resentment, should have preponderated among the men in the proportion of more than ten to one; but the very fact that with such a preponderance in favour of the two former motives of conduct a strike should have been possible at all suggests some rather disagreeable reflections. Into the merits of the quarrel

between the workmen and their employers there is no need, even were there any possibility, of entering. The precise nature of the grievance alleged by the former against Mr. McDONNELL is known but very imperfectly to the general public; and further than that the two offenders had, apparently by faults of manner rather than in any more substantial fashion, given umbrage to their subordinates, we should doubt if anything definite is known about the matter. But the result of the dispute speaks pretty clearly for itself. If 3,553 men are in favour of submitting their complaints to a Board of Inquiry, and are willing to return to work while the investigation is pending, while only 348 votes were given against that proposal, it is no unreasonable inference that the original cause of the strike could not have been generally regarded as of a very serious character. The evident satisfaction, moreover, with which the result is reported to have been received at a mass meeting of the workmen affords another significant proof of the hollowness of the quarrel. There cannot have been much heart in a quarrel which one of the parties is so singularly eager to compose. Placability is no doubt an admirable virtue, and, as a rule, it would be unfair to treat the willingness of a disputant to arrange a dispute as a proof of repentance for an unreasonable temper. But placability may, on occasion, reach so exceptional a point as to raise a more or less strong suspicion that the person who displays the virtue has been forced into the quarrel without any independent exercise of his own will.

It must be owned that this consideration detracts a little from the value of Mr. MORLEY's services, though not indeed from the credit due to his motives. It is comparatively easy to mediate in a quarrel which did not require and ought not to have given employment to any mediator at all. That his intervention led incidentally to the complication of the original dispute by a new contention was probably no fault of his; but, as it happens, there was probably as little real substance about the former as about the latter. Some days before the settlement of the strike it had become pretty evident that the real question at issue had reference rather to the relations between the workmen and their nominal representatives than to those obtaining between master and men. The difficulty about the method of voting is a tolerably significant indication of the tacit change in the parties to the controversy; and, as a matter of fact, as soon as it was settled that the votes should be optionally taken by ballot, the strike was practically at an end. The result of the voting proved that the workmen who wished to return to work preponderated over their unwilling fellows in the ratio of ten to one. That fact they have promptly demonstrated, and so far all is well. But the demonstration cannot, as we have said, be wholly creditable to its authors. A strike is at best a very cumbrous and costly method of settling a trade dispute, and in the interests not only of public policy, but of reason and common sense, we ought to be able to assume that those who resort to this improvident and inconvenient mode of asserting their claims should at least be virtually unanimous in their desire to adopt it. The discovery, however, that war may be declared when the challengers have all along been in reality as 3,000 to 300 in favour of peace is a somewhat discouraging one. We say all along, because we find it impossible to believe that men who were prepared to accept arbitration so readily, and under conditions so little varying from those which attended the beginning of the struggle, can ever have been seriously bent on hostilities. The irresistible presumption is that they were forced into it by their leaders, and that the small minority who voted for the continuance of the conflict consisted of those leaders by themselves and of that insignificant fraction which, among all bodies of men, is to be found on the side of officialism even in its most arrogant and unreasonable moods. The majority, however, must feel, or ought to feel, that they are shamed by their very numbers as revealed in the result. And it is no very happy augury for the independence which they bring to bear in the exercise of their electoral privileges that they should have allowed themselves to be coerced or cajoled in a matter so closely affecting their own interests into a servile following of the minority.

### THREE POLITICAL SPEECHES.

ON the principle of the maxim which identifies self-exercise with self-accusation, Mr. PLUNKET may be said to have had Mr. MORLEY for a coadjutor in his exposure of the internal dissensions of the Liberal party last Thurs-

day at Gloucester. For the Radical orator was not less anxious to prove the fraternal concord subsisting between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Lord HARTINGTON than the Conservative speaker was humorously acute in pointing out the irreconcilable divergence of their views. To which of the two belongs the credit of having more convincingly established his case we leave it to the readers of both to decide. The analysis, however, of the relations between the junior member for Birmingham and the politician whom Mr. MORLEY in terms of doubtful compliment describes as the "justly trusted and honoured leader of a wing of the Liberal party," is a task for which there is just at present an abundance of candidates; and Mr. PLUNKET will probably have been listened to with more of that interest which attaches to the deliverances of an expert in his defence of the Irish policy of the Government. As regards their decision in the matter of the Crimes Act, we are unfortunately unable, as our readers are aware, to concur altogether with the views of their latest apologist; but we fully acknowledge the personal weight of authority which his approval carries. Mr. PLUNKET, it is true, is a member of the Administration, but he has the prepossessions of an Irish Tory, and the sympathies, though not the prejudices, of an Orangeman; and the official instinct, even if it were highly developed in him—the very reverse of which is the case—would find it a hard matter to overcome the natural tendencies of birth, disposition, and training. Moreover, the very moderation of the terms in which he expresses his assent to the Ministerial policy is in a certain sense reassuring. He so pointedly declines to treat its success as a certainty that we are the more favourably impressed by the language of hopefulness which he does permit himself to use on the subject. And, apart from the probable outcome of this policy, it is satisfactory to hear the malicious Radical fables of its conception so forcibly repudiated by one who has the best means of knowing the truth of the matter, and is the last man to be content with such an explanation of it as satisfies the equity of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the intelligence of Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE. We cannot, indeed, assent entirely to his reasonings on the subject of the Maamtrasna case, or admit that the reconsideration of it was a concession which Lord CARNARVON "could not, according to the law of the land, have withheld." Were Lord CARNARVON only the constitutional representative of the Crown in Ireland, this might be so; but Lord CARNARVON has, as a member of the Cabinet, to advise himself in his executive capacity, and there is clearly no more constitutional obligation upon him than there is upon an English Home Secretary to reconsider a case already considered and disposed of by his predecessor, and in which no discovery of new facts is alleged. But to make doubtful precedents through excess of solicitude for the interests of justice is one thing, to conclude "Maamtrasna alliances," under which the authority of judicial decisions is to be given up in exchange for political support, is quite another; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's wilful confusion between the two may well be classed, in Mr. PLUNKET's language, as among the "reckless and desperate charges of a disappointed politician."

Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, however, has most likely lighted on one of the main causes, not indeed of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's deeper political disappointment, but of his temporary irritation on the subject of Ireland. Ireland cannot but be just now a sore subject to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and to the intended companion of his electioneering tour in that ungrateful country. Few rebuffs, indeed, have been at once so humiliating to its victim, and yet so fraught with every element of the ridiculous for the spectator, as the curt rejection by the Irish of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's obliging offer of a visit. Everything which could contribute to the comedy of such a situation was there—complete indifference to good manners on the part of the unwilling hosts, the grossest and most ludicrous misconception on the part of the proposing guest of the sentiments with which he was regarded, and at the same time a thorough recognition on the part of the bystanders that the hosts were not bound to break more gently to their guest the unpleasant secret of their hatred and contempt, and that he was bound to have discovered it—and but for the overweening political vanity of his party would in fact have discovered it—for himself. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH is certainly right in thinking that the shock of that too tardy discovery accounts for much, and that we need look no further for an explanation of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's bitterness against the Conservative party for not being as much detested in Ireland as himself, and of his resolve to supplant them if



possible in the race of "decentralizing" legislation. One of the most useful passages, however, in Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's speech at Cirencester was his declaration against Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's latest Socialistic bid, his proposal for the total abolition of elementary school fees. His grounds of objection to that proposal are substantial enough in themselves, but they go rather to the ultimate than to the immediate effect of such a measure. No doubt it would lead in time to a cry for free education in secondary as well as in primary schools; but that is not all. It is a mistake to suppose that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's demand is in itself a trifling one, and only deserving of opposition on the ground of principle and as representing "the thin end of the wedge." It is in reality a very considerable matter in itself, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has recently shown—though he was evidently at first unconscious of it—that he is aware. In dwelling, as he did some time ago, on the insignificance of the sum paid in fees as compared with the local and Imperial contributions to the cost of elementary education, and in arguing therefrom that the abolition of the fees was an unimportant matter, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN showed a remarkable, but not an uncharacteristic, want of foresight of the consequences of his own policy. No doubt, however, it has since been pointed out to him that the effect of abolishing the fees in Board Schools (to which alone his proposal could have originally applied) would be to kill the voluntary schools, and he has since amended his scheme, or at any rate extended it, so as to meet this objection. He now suggests—or so at least is to be inferred from the terms of a project still veiled in some obscurity—that the loss in fees should be made good to all schools alike, whether voluntary or rate supported; and, as there is only one channel through which they can be made good to the voluntary schools—namely, the national exchequer—he quietly proposes to throw the whole cost of the relief on Imperial taxation (rightly judging, indeed, that the overburdened ratepayer would resent any new impost for the purpose of freeing the Board Schools), and to saddle the taxpayer with an annual million and a half for the redemption of a charge which can only in a few carefully selected sensational cases be shown to inflict the slightest hardship on any human being. This, therefore, is not the insignificant question which it at first sight appears, and we are not sorry that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER should have taken this early opportunity of calling attention to it.

We have been so long unfamiliar with the sound of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's voice that—like many other sounds, inarticulate as well as articulate, which become endeared to us not more by melody than by associations—we welcome it with a sense of peculiar pleasure. Since the first few days after the downfall of the late Government—an occasion on which the late Home Secretary broke a silence of some years so far as the stump is concerned—he has held his peace even from good words; and the trial to his feelings thereby may be measured by the fact that good words now flow from his lips the instant they are opened. Epigram was there too, of course—can any one conceive Sir WILLIAM without epigram?—but the good words had the precedence. Before going forth to battle with the Conservatives, he glanced compassionately at the martyr-form of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and in words of dignified displeasure rebuked that "puerile" and personal abuse which has of late years too much "deformed our public life, and which tends to degrade the spirit of those who employ it." Beginning thus from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, it was to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that he returned. Fresh from the slaughter of the Conservative Ministers, he is glad to hurry back from the battle-field to his colleague's side and to assure the world at large of their unalterable affection. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is abused, in effect exclaims Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT with noble indignation, because he is so good. His opponents malign him "because they know that he has no sympathy with their darling privileges and their pet monopolies, because they know he has a passionate desire to champion the cause of the weak and of the oppressed, because they know he is a man who has popular convictions, and that he has the ability and the courage to give effect to them." So much for the purity of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's motives; but Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is not content with vindicating his late colleague's passionate zeal for the weak and the oppressed and the democratic fervour of his opinions, though "popular convictions," we must observe, is an ill phrase, a very vile phrase, indeed—a phrase reminding us of the well-known unscrupulous politician who was so determined that his

convictions should be "popular" that he offered to change them if they did not suit. Not content, we say, with the above-quoted tribute to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's excellence of nature, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT went on to claim justice for him as a practical politician. "He happens to know Mr. CHAMBERLAIN very well"—quite a fortunate accident, he seems to think, after having sat in the same Cabinet with him for five years—and he is able to assure us that "Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is not a terrible man at all. The fact is, he is not only a very able man, but he is a very sagacious and prudent politician; and everybody recognizes," Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT thinks, "that his recent speeches, whether he agrees with them or not, have been moderate, reasonable, long-sighted discussions of the future." Are we ourselves unreasonable, or are we right in thinking that, if this last sentence does not indeed contain a touch of irony, it is the conclusion of one of those left-handed testimonials which, as both their author and their subject must feel when they come to read them in cold blood, would have been better left alone? That, at least, is how it strikes us; but Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's appearance as a witness to character is so novel a phenomenon that we hesitate to place too absolute a confidence in our interpretation of his utterances.

#### HORSE.

MANY people who think they know their Paris well may be surprised to hear that there are now eighty duly licensed horse-butchers in that mud-town, as Carlyle rendered Lutetia, deriving it from *lutum*, which, by the way, may be rendered by *fange* as well as by *doue*. But, again, the best form of the name, as Prudentius gave it in 842, is not Lutetia, but Lotitia, which might easily be twisted into the more appropriate Lotus-town, as good Americans who love an endless afternoon will probably agree. However that may be, not on the lotus alone does your true Parisian now live; for in 1883, 13,234 horses, mules, and donkeys yielded him, through these accredited butchers, five and a half million pounds of horse and similar flesh, which was sold at about half the price of beef in similar joints. These are facts—tough, some of them; others, stubborn—which account simply enough for the modest prices which still survive at the cheap "bouillons" and minor restaurants, when read with the certificate of the veterinary expert—the *cordon bleu* of the situation—that horseflesh makes better soup than beef. The first of these eighty butcher-shops was opened in 1866, but the trade did not greatly develop until after the two sieges of 1870-71, when, owing to circumstances over which there was no control, the Parisian demand for "horse" more than doubled itself at a jump, and it has rapidly increased since; from 5,732 solidungulæ in 1872 to upwards of 13,000 in 1883, the last year for which there are returns. But this last infirmity of horsey minds does not seem to have extended to the provinces, except in the larger towns. We find *La Gironde*, the principal newspaper of the South-West, recently recording among the bad meat seized in the markets of Bordeaux—"un cheval."

The chief survivor of the original hippophagic enthusiasts of the Isidore G. Saint-Hilaire period and that of the Langham Hotel "banquet" of 1868, a French "principal veterinary surgeon" on half-pay, will have it that these Paris statistics make for the improvement of the horse; a point on which it is no good arguing with any one who seriously and soberly maintains that, because a number of old nags, without a kick in them, sell to the Paris butchers at from 3*l.* to 6*l.* a carcass, therefore the present value of all the horses of France has been raised sixteen millions sterling. One point may certainly be granted him—that a worn-out jade, instead of being worked to death, is now often got into good case for the meat market, and so is put out of life in a swifter and less cruel fashion than formerly. He remarks, too, does this M. Decroix, in a recent communication to the Société d'Acclimatation, that we now see fewer raw-boned, broken-down hacks in the Paris cabs than used to be the case; and that statement may also perhaps be endorsed.

It is natural that France should have led the way in the open and undisguised return to this particular flesh-pot; for, though for long centuries tabooed in England, Germany, and Scandinavia, the use of horseflesh has always tacitly survived in Paris, at all events. After many efforts to put it down, the police forbade its sale in 1739, and again in 1762, 1780, and 1784, when the preamble of the police ordinance sought "to prevent the diseases which the use of such meat cannot but occasion." It is on record that during the Revolution all Paris lived once for six months on horseflesh. In 1803 it was officially permitted, but the permission was almost immediately withdrawn. In 1811 immense quantities of it were suddenly seized in the populous quarters of the town, and perhaps no better authority could be cited on the subject than Parent-Duchâtelet, who wound up a report by writing, "The consumption of horseflesh in Paris is considerable and of ancient date, and it may be viewed as having become a necessity."

Though donkey-meat still has the call, we were scarcely

prepared to learn from M. Decroix that mule tastes better than horse, or that the young foal of the horse is equal to veal. It may be that we lag superfluous behind the age in this matter, but the old camel, as some eclectic glutton or other has called the stomach, still rebels against such dishes as

*Horsesteak.* For horsesteak (bifteck) *au naturel*, a prime piece of meat must be selected—either the fillet or the under-cut—otherwise it will be tough and tasteless. If an ordinary joint only is to be had, the steak should be steeped for two or three days in horse-oil or vinegar. Cook and serve as a bifteck.

May our gridirons long be saved from it!

A big book, which might be made a very taking one—though not, perhaps, to the “sporting fraternity”—could be written about the horse in mythology, as a pagan sacrifice, and as food. Omitting for the moment the better-known classical incidents of the tale, it might be shown how in the Purānas the deities of all the planets are drawn in cars; Mars (maṅgala) by eight red horses, Jupiter (Vṛiṣpati) by as many pale steeds, and Saturn (śani) by piebalds. The white horse, like the white elephant of Buddhist legend, was in the older sun-worship clearly an emblem of the sun. In the Zend Avesta, Mithra, the god of supernal light, the sun, is swiftly drawn along celestial space by “four heavenly steeds, white, shining, seen afar,” fed with ambrosia like Poseidon’s team, and undying. “The hoofs of their fore feet are shod with gold; the hoofs of their hind feet are shod with silver.” Mithra is, too, “the warrior of the white horse; of the keen spear, the far-reaching spear, the fleet arrows.” The great goddess of the waters, Ardi Sūra Anāhita, the *Ἀναΐτις* of the Greeks, is borne along by four white horses. Tishtrya, the Dog-star, moves in the shape of a white, beautiful horse, with golden ears and caparisoned in gold, and overcomes in the sea Vouru-Kasha—the vault of heaven—the daēva Apaosha, the demon of drought, “in the shape of a dark horse, black with a black back, black with a black tail, stamped with brands of terror.” Gautama, the Buddha, was once incarnate as a white horse. The Hindūs believe that Vishnu will next be revealed in the sky as Kalkin, armed with a drawn sword blazing like a comet, and riding a winged white horse—a parallel to the Avestan Mithra. The Danish chronicler, Saxo Grammaticus, writing in the eleventh century, relates how the Rugii of the Baltic always kept religiously apart a sacred white horse, which was consigned to the care of the priests. Tacitus, *De Moribus Germanorum*, had long before told the same of the Germans. In the primitive Japanese Kami-worship, white horses were presented to the harvest gods for their use, and they are still to be seen at the present day, carefully tended in stables at the entrance of the chief Shintō temples—at Iyeyasu’s shrine at Nikkō, for example. On the seventh day of the New Year there was, as late as the tenth century—so the Court novel, *Genji Monogatari*, proves—a white-horse festival at the Mikado’s palace; and our own “scouring of the white horse” has, there is little doubt, a similar primeval origin. Castor and Pollux fought visibly for the Romans against the Latins, mounted on white horses. In the well-known description given by Herodotus, in his Seventh Book, of the march of the army of Xerxes out of Sardis, is a sacred chariot—of *Zeús*, as he calls it, but clearly of Abura, Varuna, *Ὀβάρης*, Dyauś—drawn by eight white horses, behind which followed a charioteer on foot holding the reins, for no mortal ever ascended that seat. Xenophon, too, describes a sacrificial procession of Cyrus as including a chariot drawn by horses clothed in scarlet—obviously the Martial chariot of the Purānas—together with other coursers for a sacrifice to the sun. And this would bring us in the book we have imagined, by an easy transition, from the mythological to the sacrificial view of *equus caballus*. But first it might be noted that even the Turkish pasha’s horsetail, adopted, like the turban, from the Scythian Bulgars, has its origin in the universal primitive Eastern exaltation of the horse.

The Life of Apollonius of Tyana describes in the first century of our era the sacrifice of a white horse to the sun at Babylon. Horses taken in war were sacrificed generally, as Caesar, Tacitus, Athenæus, and Procopius point out. They were immolated to the sun-god Odin by the Danes. Agathias, *De rebus Justiniani*, reports the Allemani in the fifth century as beheading horses beneath sacred trees as an offering to the gods of rivers, mountains, and valleys—the earth spirits—and it may be added, as admitting of little doubt, that the saying which still survives provincially—“like a horse’s head to a bonfire”—the true spelling and pronunciation—is a relic of the old burnt-offerings to the sun. It is needless to pursue these evidences.

And now for the third division of our unwritten treatise—the horse as an article of food. We say “unwritten,” for Keyser’s old dissertation, *De interdicto carnis equineæ esu*, was too brief and limited. It is amply clear that the remainder flesh of sacrifices, which was not consumed as a burnt-offering, was always and everywhere distributed to the priests and worshippers, who, by partaking of the offerings, gained fellowship or union with the god. It is almost needless to quote St. Paul’s “sitting at meat in an idol’s temple.” Marquardt’s description of the ritual of these sacrifices in pagan Rome is as good as any. The victims were killed in the morning in the presence of the worshippers who offered them. At midday, the public being excluded, the viscera were prepared by the butcher-priests for burning on the altar. The temple was again thrown open while the repast of the gods was being consumed in the sacred fire, and then the rest of the meat was deconsecrated and distributed to those present, who

either took it to their homes or joined the public banquet in the temple itself, about three or four o’clock in the afternoon, the time of the Roman’s principal meal. The temple buildings comprised kitchens for the purpose of cooking the sacrificial meat and vast eating-halls. Manifestly these religious customs were of the greatest moment to the poor and idle, to whom they secured their daily food; for wine and bread were added to the meat. They bring home to us, too, the prolonged nature of the struggle which Christianity had to wage with practical paganism on the subject of meat sacrificed to the devil; they throw light on the Agape; and go far to explain as for the most part popularity-hunting the expenditure of such fabulous sums in animal sacrifices by wealthy pagans, and even, when paganism was agonizing, by the Emperor Julian.

The Danes boiled the flesh of the victims in cauldrons over a fire kindled in the sacred enclosure. The Hervarar Saga relates how the Swedes, having expelled their King Jugo for becoming a Christian, made his successor sacrifice a horse, which was distributed among the assembly to be eaten. That was their mode of protesting, in favour of their ancient rites, against the Christian innovations. The eating of horse-flesh was also proposed as a test of orthodoxy by his subjects to King Hakon the Good, as Snorro Sturluson relates; just as the meats of sacrifices were employed in the Roman persecutions of the earlier Christians. It was the most public and indubitable act of abjuration then possible, and Hakon went through the pretence of eating, to satisfy his people. Gregory III., pope from 731 to 741, wrote to Boniface—the English Winfred—the apostle of Germany, to put an end to the eating of either wild or domesticated horses, for it was a filthy and execrable food. St. Zacharias, his successor, followed on the same side, forbidding wild horses—“*equi silvatici*.” The canons of the Council of Ostia in 785 show that in the Eastern Church neophytes before baptism were made to renounce idols, the exposure of children, and the eating of horse-flesh; and the heathen Icelanders, with savage naïveté, offered to be converted if these small points were waived. The explanation of this taboing of horse-flesh by the Church readily follows from what has gone before. Next to human victims—with which we are not here concerned—the horse was the principal sacrifice, and such sacrifices were made to the supremest of the gods, whose worship, of course, was necessarily the chief one struck at by the Christian missionary of the time. Accordingly, in the Capitulations of Charlemagne we find penalties against those who partake of food *ad honorem demonum*; for one man’s god is another man’s devil all the world over.

As all is fair in war, there is not a word to be said against the straitened armies which from time to time fall back on hippophagy. The famous Baron Larrey relates how, after Eylau, he fed his wounded for twenty-four hours, and on the island of Lobau for three days, with cavalry chargers, cooked over field-fires in the breastplates of the Guard, and seasoned with gunpowder. The late Dr. Humphry Sandwith, of Kars, when he stood for Marylebone some years ago, was told at an electioneering meeting that he wasn’t a working-man. “I don’t know exactly what you mean by a working-man,” was his cheery reply, “but I have worked hard all my life. For several months I groomed my own horse, and, what’s more, I ate him afterwards.”

#### MASTER DUMBLETON’S DIFFICULTY.

THE world in general has, we think, sympathized with Master Dumbleton, and we are inclined to think further that his decision ought to be repeated in the case of the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain’s demand for political credit, endorsed as it has been this week by Mr. John Morley. It ought to be needless, but perhaps is not, to remind the reader that the *locus classicus* concerning Master Dumbleton is a very short one. It consists of only about five lines of dialogue between Sir John Falstaff, Kt., and his Page. Sir John had sent his Page to Master Dumbleton, and asked him when he returned, “What said Master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak and slops?” “Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.” After which it is more distressing than surprising to remember that the future victor of Coleville of the Dale indulged in very bad language.

Mr. Chamberlain (who surely ought to be very much obliged to us for comparing him with a much better man than himself) is, as it happens, in quest of a short cloak and slops to equip him for his political campaign—a cloak which, though short, shall be long enough to cover that little blot of the Aston matter, and slops with good bulky pockets, that he may rattle the money with a cheerful sound as he talks about endowing the average voter—a short cloak and slops of good political character. And here is Bardolph—to wit, Mr. John Morley—who is quite ready to be bound with him. Now there is no place in which it will be more cheerfully admitted than here that Mr. Morley is not absolutely and in essence to be described as Bardolph. He is only a political Bardolph, and in that respect it must be confessed that he stands in the Bardolphian relation to his principal. He can froth and lime, too, in his political speeches, and is apt to ask those “virtuous asses,” the independent Liberals, why they “must needs be blushing.” Heaven forbid that he should come to anything like Bardolph’s end; yet it must be admitted that not



a few people who have taken up Mr. Morley's political line have had to let

Their vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach.

But the important point is that Mr. Morley, like Bardolph, is of the retinue of him whom (may the fat knight, as he was a gentleman, forgive us!) we have compared to Mr. Chamberlain. And if the characteristics of any other of the knight's followers seem to suit Mr. Morley better, let it be remembered that Master Dumbleton would, no doubt, equally have objected to the security of Pistol or of Nym or of the Page himself. Therefore when Mr. Morley, speaking at Clapton, and endeavouring to make out a good case for Mr. Chamberlain, said that there have been a great many virulent, unfair, unjust, and scandalous things said of Mr. Chamberlain; that he has known him for years, and that the longer he has known him the greater had become his confidence in the wisdom and integrity of his point of view, we cannot but think of Master Dumbleton. The satin for that short cloak and slops shall hardly be forthcoming on the joint bond of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Morley. We like not that security; even though "our future Prime Minister" (as some Scotchman has just been calling Mr. Chamberlain, regardless of the severe pain which that appellation will give to the P-pl's W-l-m) has received a silver shepherd's crook in Scotland. For, though shepherds are supposed to be innocent, there is a horrible suggestiveness in that crook. "Crooks to the crooked," "By hook or by crook," or "A l'escrec le croc," occur to the mind.

Putting aside the merely frivolous, however, let us see how far Master Dumbleton might be justified in refusing political credit to Mr. Chamberlain, even when backed by Mr. Morley, on the score of some of Mr. Chamberlain's own recent proceedings. Most people, we hope, have read the very remarkable correspondence which Mr. Hanbury furnished to the *Standard* on Tuesday. It is very long, and it can only be summarized here. Some jackal of Mr. Chamberlain's had brought up in the *Birmingham Post* alleged statements of Mr. Hanbury's as to Mr. Chamberlain's connexion with free education at Birmingham. He had written to Mr. Chamberlain, and had received the answer that if Mr. Hanbury made the statement "he must have done so knowing it to be entirely false." Having got from Mr. Chamberlain a more or less distinct enumeration of the statements so characterized, Mr. Hanbury then explained what he did say, giving the original, which he had quoted, not originated, and pointing out that the facts, so far from being false, were true by chapter and verse from Hansard and the reports of the Endowed Schools Committee. To this Mr. Chamberlain made no personal reply; but the Mr. Pancks of Highbury, "Wm. Woodings" (who is, no doubt, as estimable a person as his prototype in private life, and who must frequently have thought of him), was commissioned to write one of the letters in which Mr. Chamberlain is wont to retire from an indefensible position somewhat after the fashion of the genus *Mephitis*. Wm. Woodings is directed to reply that Mr. Hanbury's statement is not borne out by the information which he has received from two persons present at the meeting, nor by the report of a local newspaper, under which circumstances Mr. Chamberlain has nothing to add, and declines to continue the correspondence. That is to say, Mr. Chamberlain, being unable to refute Mr. Hanbury's facts, and unwilling to accept Mr. Hanbury's assertions, practically says, "You're a ——" and retires. It is, indeed, his usual proceeding, and the only thing which can surprise any one about the matter is that any one else should ever take the trouble to meddle with *Mephitis Highburiana*. We feel, indeed, a little inclined to join in the snigger which, it is said, old butters in the Land of the Free usually indulge at those who attempt the exceedingly unequal conflict with *Mephitis*. You prove Mr. Chamberlain to be—let us say unhistorical; he instructs Wm. Woodings to call you a ——— and decline further correspondence. Of course each repetition of the process shows to all men of honour that the Highburian species undoubtedly belongs to the genus; but the question remains whether this is worth the cost. The class of persons for whose admiration Mr. Chamberlain has laid himself out care nothing for such exposures. They rather admire what they are probably pleased to call "Joe's brass." Every fresh opportunity which is given to him of showing that amiable and shining quality simply endears him to them the more. He has, so to speak, entered into an engagement to be *très canaille*, as *canaille* as any one can be, and the well-meant efforts of persons like Mr. Hanbury merely enable him to show his good faith to the admiring multitude. If there were the slightest chance of his bidding for the support of gentlemen (other than those singular persons in whom old friendship or strong political prejudice obliterate all other feelings), it might be good to elicit these little self-presented testimonies to character. But that is out of the question. Mr. Chamberlain is not playing to the stalls or the boxes, except to the *claque* already stationed there. He is playing to the gallery, and from time immemorial galleries have seen in "You're a ——" one of the most racy and happily hit off of jokes. It is, indeed, possible to change the direction of the laugh by a repartee of an obvious kind. But repartees of that sort have ceased on most stages except the German, and are quite disused in the English political theatre. The Camerarian method thus has the advantage of being quite safe, as well as of appealing directly to the tastes of the public for whom Mr. Chamberlain particularly caters.

Still, Mr. Hanbury may urge that Master Dumbleton is not always a person of this class, and that it is just as well to give him the most ample evidence of the kind of customer who is asking for political credit. Perhaps. Yet it may be observed that though this disgraceful correspondence appeared too late for any effect to be produced by it on Mr. Chamberlain's Glasgow audience, that audience must have heard of Aston and the affidavits. Unless the descendants of the Great Gander immortalized by Wilson have increased until they constitute the whole population of the city on the Clyde, the fellow-citizens of Bailie Jarvie must have been a little disgusted when they saw what manner of man they had been describing as "a jolly good fellow"; but perhaps the immortal Gander survives, the Gander of whom it was said—

And hating the blessings he never could share,  
How loudly his anger arose  
'Gainst the great and the good and the brave and the fair  
Whom in the true spirit of spiteful despair  
He accounted his natural foes.

That Gander would doubtless have found a congenial spirit in Mr. Hanbury's correspondent. How Mr. Morley (who though, for the purposes of argument only, we have compared him to Bardolph, can by no possibility be compared to the or a Gander) can get on with a person whose political tricks and manners are of this kind may indeed be something of a puzzle. Yet it is only a new illustration of the undoubted fact that politics, like some other things, bring men into very strange company.

As for Master Dumbleton, if he is wise he will most undoubtedly continue to refuse that satin. Mr. Chamberlain, we have no doubt, is, in all but political relations, all that Mr. Morley describes him. For our own part we could find it in our hearts to give him a not inconsiderable testimonial. We do not believe that the severest scrutiny would ever detect Mr. Chamberlain in the commission—the deliberate commission—of a legally punishable crime. We do not believe that he would ever instruct Wm. Woodings to write an insolent letter unless there was something to be got by it or something to be avoided. We are quite sure that he is profoundly anxious to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number of voters. When he congratulates the Liberal party in Glasgow on "the successful manner in which they worked the vote"—a delightful and ennobling description of the exercise of the functions of a freeman—we do not think, but know, Mr. Chamberlain to be sincere. All these good points we acknowledge freely in the junior member for Birmingham, thereby differing with the wicked people who, as we learn from Mr. Morley, say virulent, unfair, unjust, and scandalous things about Mr. Chamberlain.

But we shall not, and Master Dumbleton, the public, will not, if he be wise, trust Mr. Chamberlain with that short cloak and slops of political confidence, even upon Mr. Morley's joint security, after such an exhibition of his political havings and haviour as the Hanbury correspondence.

#### SOME GERMAN CHARMS.

IT would be a great mistake to suppose that all the charms of Germany are as beneficent as those which the wise women employ. In the North the superstitions become darker and the legends more tragic, in much the same way as the peasants become more reticent and, at least to the passer's eye, more gloomy. They may be better off than the agricultural population of Thuringia, the Rhön, and the neighbouring districts, but they do not look so. On passing to the South, again, the influence of Roman Catholicism makes itself felt, not only on the life, but also on the imagination of the population. The charm is no longer a mere attempt to get behind the scenes of nature, to seize and to compel her to unusual acts; it is a distinct invocation of the Devil. Thus, sorcery becomes sacrilege and the wise woman a witch. Things as well as persons are apt to sink to the level to which popular opinion assigns them, and the superstitions of the South have mostly a taste of bitterness about them, though they never reach the austerity and gloom of those of East Friesland. Was the forbidden fruit quite sweet to the taste of Eve? We wonder; was there not a certain pungency in it which repelled while it excited the appetite? We cannot tell; but this savour of mortal sin lends a piquancy to the magic of the South. The girl who goes to consult a sorceress as to the best means of recovering her lost lover takes her soul as well as her gulden in her hand, and the spell, of course, grows more serious with the price paid. In Central Germany this is quite different. The whole population is essentially heathen, both in the best and the worst sense. The people are most charming to live among; at least they were before the corporal took the social place of the schoolmaster, and the captain came to be regarded as a divinity rather than a nuisance. We are speaking of times that are past, and of the good that was in them. The new times may be better. It may be only the testiness of age that makes them so unpalatable. If we prefer the old Spinnstuben to the new processions of a semi-military character, it is perhaps because we are not soldiers, because we are no longer young. The girls everywhere seemed prettier twenty years ago; they were certainly kinder.

Ach weh! dass mir der Bart grau worden ist.  
Die Jungfrau spricht:  
"Gar alt du bist!"  
Ach weh! dass mir der Bart grau worden ist.

And though, according to the old song, she has made similar criticisms before as to every condition of the beard, we at once feel this to be the unkindest cut of all, since it points out a fault that neither time nor the razor can efface. It may, we repeat, all be a mistake—the new times may be better than the old; but then in the old times one could be so happy.

But we are straying from our subject. Even in the old days there were charms that no respectable wise woman would have thought of employing. She had a socially recognized position. If she stood a little below the clergyman and the schoolmaster, she stood considerably above the village atheist. She was respected, and, as the Germans say, "honour brings burdens"; so she could not very well, even if she had been inclined, have countenanced a system of petty larceny, though it were carried out by agencies no policeman could detect, and there are charms that render theft easy and entirely safe.

There are words—if we knew them we would not publish them in the present depressed condition of agriculture, as it might induce some farmers to try them, with what beneficial effect on their crops we cannot guarantee, with what result to their spiritual welfare we do not like to imagine—there are words which, if properly repeated when the corn is just coming into flower, will transplant all the good ears to your own land and all the mildewed ones to your neighbour's, if only in saying them you walk up and down both fields by the light of a waxing moon. You can bring all the bad ears into his field even more effectually when the moon is waning, but that will not secure you a good harvest. His good ears will remain good, but he will have the trouble of reaping your bad ones.

There was a pastor's wife in a small village, who died, we think, in 1845, but the village is a long way from here, and we cannot be quite certain as to the date. This Frau Pastorin made an agreement with the dragon. What he looked like, how she became acquainted with him, and what she gave him for his services, no one in the village knows; but he seems to have been a faithful and useful servant. On the night before the market-day he used to transfer all the best butter to the clergyman's house, and remove all the inferior lumps to other dairies. Whether he came down the chimney or found another entrance is a question we dare not decide—too many heads have already been broken about it. At any rate the Frau Pastorin's butter was always the best in the market, and she got a higher price for it than any of her neighbours. In other respects she seems to have been an exemplary woman. You will still be told of her acts of charity and kindness. But then, like the fly in the ointment, this little and probably quite harmless flirtation with the dragon lends a certain unpleasant odour to her liberality. It is easy to give a boy a penny if you have just cheated his mother out of fourpence. What a mercy, or pity, it is that this dragon is purely local, and confines his attention to butter. If he had been educated in a Board School and thus attained a knowledge of the higher life, what a business he might do in London.

As a rule Germans are not gamblers; but they play sometimes, and when they play they like to win, so there are charms that secure their success. Here is one of them in rough outline. It is by far the worst and most blasphemous we have ever heard of in Central Germany—a distinct piece of witchcraft, as it seems to us. To the words of the charm, distinctly noted down at the time, we regret that we cannot refer. The receipt without them stands thus:—Catch a toad on Easter Sunday morning before sunrise, take a piece of soft wood—pine, &c., not beech or oak—a little larger than the toad, and then nail the wretched creature upon it in the form of a cross, hang it on an isolated pole towards the sun, thus gradually changing its position with the progress of the day; keep sprinkling it every now and then with water, for if it dies before the sun sets your labour has been in vain. If, when the sun goes down, he is still even partially alive, it is enough; take him to the nearest ant-hill and bury him in it. On Whit Sunday dig him up. If no one has disturbed the hill, you will find the bones quite clean and white; put them in a little bag, hang it round your neck, and you will always win in games of chance.

This charm is, of course, a violation of every law of humanity and religion; a giving one's self to the Devil even more formally than if one signed a contract with him in one's own blood. If we could reproduce the words to be used at the different hours, it would be seen, imperfect as our account even then would be, what mysteries are caricatured, and therefore violated. The man who employs such means simply says, "I shut myself out of the fold of Christ; all I want is to win at cards."

The charm was preserved by an old man who had served in the wars of 1813 and 1815. Another man, a comrade of his, whom he had carried wounded off a battle-field, had given him, when on the point of death, his "lucky-bag," and told him how to make a new one. The veteran did not know from what district the man he had saved for a day or two had come; his knowledge of the charm itself was evidently inadequate; he protested that he had never tried it; but the bag and the bones were there, a little blue silk bag, worn and frayed, with a name worked upon it that looked like Eliza—a girl's name who was young some ninety years ago, we may suppose, and who put a ring, or perhaps a few golden pieces, her scanty earnings, into the bag, and gave it to her lover before he went away. It was full of a toad's bones when we saw it.

This is the worst case of superstition that we have ever met with in Central Germany; but in an imperfect form, which for the

most part only preserves the toad's bones and the ant-hill, it is known through most of the district. We have therefore reproduced it, though the fact that several of the ceremonies seem to be distinct parodies of Roman Catholic services renders it improbable that it originated in a Protestant district. It is pleasant to notice that the ethical character of the German soldier has certainly improved since the times when he would enter a battle with such a lucky-bag round his neck. During the last war he used, at least at first, to cast any playing-cards he might have about him away before coming to close quarters with the enemy, in the idea that they might attract the bullets; and many even of the boldest warriors bore spells about them which their wives, their sweet-hearts, or mothers fancied might preserve their lives, and therefore made them promise they would not lay aside till their return. This fact was concealed even from their most intimate friends; but in camp nothing can long remain a secret, and the rallery of old comrades was apt to betray the by no means unamiable weakness when the possessor of such a talisman was once more safe at home. If he blushed at such jests, it was not because he was ashamed of this dabbling in magic, but because he hardly liked to acknowledge so openly an affection of which he was by no means ashamed.

The number of charms of this kind that we have had an opportunity of inspecting is not large enough to justify any generalization about them; but, without exception, those we have seen have been not only of a harmless but of an edifying character—prayers, ejaculations, and invocations of the acknowledged objects of Christian worship. In one case an appeal was made to a saint; in another refuge was sought in the Seven Sacraments. Both of these charms, we may observe, had been worn all through the war by Protestants, and given to them by members of their own Church. The rest were simple appeals to the Holy Trinity. All were interspersed with crosses, for the position of which it was not easy to find an explanation. The sacramental one bore a figure that looked like a rough copy of the pentacle below the three crosses with which all were headed; another, probably the same figure, though far more indistinct, above the three crosses with which most concluded. If these charms had been left open, they might have tended to promote the spiritual well-being of their proprietors; but unfortunately most of them were carefully folded and protected by a rough wrapper, closed by either three or seven seals. Stories were told of charms that had to be repeated morning and evening and whenever a battle began; but as to these we have never been able to obtain trustworthy information.

But however pious the war-charms of the Germans may be, no one who has any reverence for tradition can venture to doubt that the men of the Central States used occasionally to entice the produce of their neighbours' fields into their own in a quite illegitimate way, and that their wives were apt to fall into a more or less platonic flirtation with the dragon. Now matters have improved. The husband sells his produce to the military authorities, while his wife is said occasionally to enter into a by no means platonic flirtation with the corporal. Alas, poor dragon!

#### EAST DEREHAM.

NORFOLK has been somewhat maligned in the matter of climate. There is a sting in its east wind, as there is in the east wind of Torquay; but every April in Norfolk you are pretty sure of some few days when, but for the difference of landscape (less felt then than at other seasons), you might fancy yourself in Somerset. The cloudless sky is of that sunny English grey which best suits the trees—bare, yet already full of colour, from the dark purple of the ash to the tender green of the willow. And, though on the lighter lands the absence of wild flowers is painful to a West-countryman, on the clays and marls the primroses and wood-anemones thrive all the better for the hedges being so closely trimmed.

On such days East Dereham is just the "pretty little town" that Borrow calls it. For, before going there (or after) we naturally take up our *Lavengro*. Born three years after the poet's death, Borrow had his Cowper traditions. He had heard of "the gentle face timidly and mournfully looking for a moment on the market-place through the window-pane" of what is now the Nonconformist "Cowper Memorial Church"; of "the dark lathy figure moving at evenfall beneath the hazels and alders of the shadowy lanes," of "the sexton reverently doffing his hat as, supported by some kind friend, the death-stricken creature tottered along the church path to that mouldering edifice with the low roof inclosing the spring of sanitary waters." Borrow is not a prophet in his own country; the local antiquary dismisses him as "this extraordinary person . . . perhaps the greatest linguist since Cardinal Mezzofanti." But then his mother was only a small farmer's daughter on Dumping Green; and he, a Bohemian of the Bohemians, proud of his fists—how proud he is of his father having almost beaten Big Ben Brain!—must have been generally unintelligible to local antiquaries.

Why did Cowper go to Dereham? The Letters give no clue. At the end of one, dated June 1793, from Weston Underwood, thanking his cousin Lady Hesketh for the seasonable supply of 35*l.* 10*s.*, for his "sort of unparliamentary acknowledgment, of which he is sure she'll not inform against him," he says, "In



rain thou counsellor me to leave Weston for Norfolk," though even at Weston he had found May so harsh that he bids "no poet—English poet at least—give himself to the praises of it." Yet when Mrs. Unwin, struck with paralysis in 1791, had become almost as mad as he was, and the half-mad, wholly knavish, Olney schoolmaster Teedon was getting a bad influence on them both, his Norfolk cousin, "dearest Johnny Johnson," persuaded him to try his own county. Here he and Mrs. Unwin wandered about till her death in 1796. She was buried at Dereham; and there for four years more Cowper lingered revising his *Homer* (of which, in 1793, he had written to Samuel Rose, "I am more convinced than ever that the translation will make its way, and should be of the same opinion were the work another man's"), and writing *The Castaway*. Only two letters, both to Rev. J. Newton, belong to this period, and both are inexpressibly sad. In July 1798 he writes:—"Your last contained many kind expressions, which would have encouraged and consoled any other than myself. But I was even then out of the reach of all such favourable impressions, and am at present less susceptible of them than at any time since I saw you last. I once little thought to see such days as these; for almost in the moment when they found me there was not a man in the world who seemed to himself to have less reason to expect them." The other, dated from Dereham in April 1799, apologizes for a long silence:—"My state of mind is not more favourable to the purpose of writing than when I received your last. If your book (read to me by Mr. Johnson) afforded me any amusement or suggested to me any reflections, they were only such as served to embitter, if possible, still more the present moment by a sad retrospect of those days when I thought myself secure of an eternity to be spent with the spirits of such men as He whose life afforded the subject of it. But I was little aware of what I had to expect, and that a storm was at hand which in one terrible moment would darken, and in another still more terrible blot out that prospect for ever." Here we have wholly shrouding him in the shadow of that *effera religio*, that "Full Assurance, or the reverse," which had begun to steal over him nearly fifty years before. Yet in him, who so often wished himself a Frenchman, "whereas it pleased God I should be born in a country where melancholy is the national characteristic, and of a house more than commonly subject to it," humour and pathos are closer together than in any one but Swift. In Dickens the connexion is far looser and seems less natural. This twofold nature partly accounts for his having had so many really helpful friends, and having always got such kind (though in Mrs. Unwin's case it was not wise) tending. When she died, Miss Perowne, Hayley's

Margret, entitled to the purest praise,  
Kind nurse of Cowper in his final days,

took her place. He lies between them, in the north transept of Dereham Church; a palm branch in white marble overhanging the Bible and the *Task*; and Hayley's lines, on the mural slab and on the two medallions, reminding us what our great-grandfathers accepted as good poetry. The same men were satisfied with galleries like those that at Dereham block up the nave; and with a corniced plaster ceiling, the big sunflower in the middle of which makes one think of a music-room and a glass chandelier.

If such taste in poetry was inexcusable in those who had Dryden, and Pope, and Cowper himself, equally inexcusable was such vandalism in the face of a really grand church. It is the only thing in the place worth seeing; and it really is more worth seeing than typical Norfolk churches like Sall or Walpole St. Peter's. They are splendid examples of one style; it is a rare compendium of all, from the Norman twisted shafts, set against the jamba of the chancel arch, to the late Perpendicular of the south porch, with the quaint Annunciation in its spandrels—Gabriel in one, in the other the Virgin with her lily-pot, and a dove flying down a beam of light into her mouth. The fine Decorated windows in west front and north aisle make still more conspicuous the shabbiness of the wretched little clerestory lights, of the same date as the galleries. The chancel is Early English, except the east window, whose lancets have been replaced by very badly fitting Perpendicular work. Grand as the central tower looks, it was found unsafe within a century after it was built; and about 1512 the "new clocker," which stands some twenty yards south-east of the church, was begun by subscription. Everybody seems to have given; people in Norfolk did go on giving for the good of their souls "up to the very eve of the Reformation," as we phrase it. Richard Pynnes gave 40*l.* in four yearly payments, supposing the building should be finished in ten years after his death. As the "clocker" never was finished, one wonders what became of Pynnes's legacy. The transepts are interesting; each retains the flat, wooden, fifteenth-century roof which divided it into two stories, the lower being in each case a chapel screened off from the church, the upper (as at Scarning and elsewhere) the chaplain's living-room. In the south transept, or chapel of the Holy Cross, this arrangement still remains; in the other the chapel and living-room have been thrown into one. One is glad to hear that the galleries (set up because four or five big pews, like that in which young Borrow used to tremble, filled the whole nave and forced the commonalty to go upstairs to worship God) are very shortly to be taken down, and the hideous ceiling as well. Even the Anti-Restoration Society won't object to that, for the old wagon roof is safe under the plaster. No one, we hope, will be ill advised enough to "restore" the splendid font, with its seven Sacraments, Crucifixion, Twelve Apostles, and Four Gospels, minus a good

many heads and arms. Brewer Rash's famous chest is a mistake; if it did come from the ruins of Buckenham Castle, it is not old English but new-looking Flemish work. A mistake, too, surely is the Noah's ark in the new glass of one of the chancel lights, with two red windows and a green door, just like a travelling caravan.

Dereham should be seen on a market day. Very enjoyable is the contrast between the bustle of the town—the farmers thronging in and out of the "King's Arms" as if wheat was at its old price; everything bright and brisk, except the inevitably frowy coffee-tavern; the market-place full of home-made agricultural machines, bicycles, and seed-stalls, instead of the woollen yarn which Blome "found abundant" two centuries ago—the Jew pedlar selling his sixpenny meerschaums; the loud Norfolk higgler giving a kick to his potato sacks as he shouts:—"Quality today; quality; quality"—and the deep peace of the churchyard. It is full of sheep; but then there is a whole hill-side for them, from Paternoster Row, with its cottages bearing the date 1502 in a plaster wreath, down far below Beccles Gate (the gate *Beate ecclesie*), with its Caroline dwelling-house. Just west of the church St. Withburga's well looks slimy and uninviting; yet its fame made the town. After people had ceased to believe in holy wells, down till almost yesterday, it had a bath-house, with dressing-rooms; and, "despite the coldness of the water, such is the force of habit that a respectable inhabitant, who died at an advanced age, used it daily, winter and summer." The place has no British or Roman remains; no abbey like its western namesake, whose strange round tower overlooks the fen. Somehow Deor's ham had become Crown land when Anna was king of East Angles. His youngest daughter, a nun in her sister's monastery of Ely, came here after her father's death in battle against Penda, and built a church and nunnery, the Virgin Mary sending two white doves to give milk for the workpeople. Possibly St. Nicholas may be a second dedication; anyhow, her body was stolen from the church in 907 by Brithnoth, first abbot of Ely on Eadgar's new foundation. This "sanctum sacrilegium, fidele furtum, salutaris rapina" was not so barefaced a theft as that of St. Neot, who about the same time was carried off from Cornwall to the banks of the Great Ouse; for, as Eadgar had given Esterdham and all its belongings to Ely, Brithnoth may have argued that he was only doing what he willed with his own. Withburga's nunnery, destroyed by Danes, was not restored; and the holy well, springing up opportunely, made up to some extent for the loss of the holy virgin's body. Legally the place became a part of the Isle of Ely. The bishop, to whose share it fell in the division between bishopric and monastery in 1109, had his coroner and judge, his gaol and gallows; Gallow-moor Farm still keeps the name. In Elizabeth's time it again became a Royal manor, being one of the places about which the story is told of the Queen roundly swearing she would unfrock the bishop if he declined to exchange. Standing in what is called the garden of Norfolk, it was always famed for pure air. Presuming on this, the inhabitants allowed it to become (despite two cleansing fires—in 1581, and in the twenty-first of Charles II.) "the dirtiest town in Norfolk." Where the obelisk now stands used to be "a foul drain, often full of dead dogs and cats," and the streets, narrow and sunken, were appropriately called holl-ways. At last they were levelled and paved by subscription; and Sir R. Walpole showed his appreciation of the good work by inviting the townsmen to Houghton and giving them twenty guineas and a good dinner, after which (to their host's great delight) they so far forgot themselves as to burst out with "All joys to great Cæsar" and other Jacobite choruses.

A little later, Lord Townshend, who had stepped into Wolfe's place on the heights of Abraham, and had (they say) driven his own son mad by marrying his bride, helped to build what is generally deemed a quite modern resource of civilization—namely, a Union workhouse for the hundreds of Launditch and Mitford. In 1777 a farm was purchased, and hemp grown for the paupers to spin; but then, as now, the Union system was found so costly that in 1801 Dereham bought itself out by Act of Parliament. The student will be glad to know that Sir John Fenn, of the *Paston Letters*, was partly educated at Scarning School, close by; and that his widow, the "Mrs. Lovechild" and "Mrs. Teachwell" of the *Child's Grammar* and the *Footstep to Mrs. Trimmer's Sacred History*, was for many years the intelligent Lady Bountiful of "Esterdham"; while Blomefield's statement that the rebus on John Goose's brass (1503) is an eagle, because of some pompous lines describing Goose's eagle-like flight to Heaven, will remind him that even the "best authorities" are not infallible.

#### HYDE PARK ON SUNDAY.

THE young politician who wishes to study the interests and aspirations of the working classes might advantageously visit the parts of Hyde Park near the Marble Arch on Sunday afternoon. A stroll there between five and seven any fine Sunday afternoon will show large audiences attending at the platform of every speaker, whether he discourse on religion, socialism, atheism, or philosophy. The average Englishman is not much to be moved by eloquence. He goes from group to group as he would go from cage to cage at the Zoo. He hears questions stated which have agitated his own mind, and he hears crude remedies proposed which he never for a moment thinks of applying. The thoughtful man may be saddened at the difficulty of finding reasonable solutions to most

of the social problems stated, and at the sight of the faces in which each question is reflected. Depressed trade, pauperism, drunkenness, and other evils are scarcely likely to find remedies in communism, protection, and Calvinism; but little more is offered, and a survey of the whole series of assemblies leaves no very satisfactory impression on the mind. Given fine old trees and smooth sloping lawns, given a clear blue sky and golden sunshine, and add as figures in the landscape the pale face and black clothes of each speaker, and the irregular shifting group of listeners, weary of the week's work and the Sunday's walk—and the combination is not altogether pleasing.

Here the banner of a religious society attracts a wide circle, though for some reason it bears in large letters the words "Too Late!" There is an earnestness in the preaching and a heartiness in the singing that keeps the congregation together, though many of them show plainly that they care little either for text or sermon. We approach another group, where a man with dishevelled hair wildly gesticulates and hoarsely shouts. He is probably found to be endeavouring to excite his hearers to something more than a languid interest in the case of a criminal in gaol whom he extols as a martyr. They will attend in their thousands to welcome him on his discharge; they will bear him in triumph "to a hall not yet taken," and will listen with sympathy to his prison experiences and the recapitulation of his wrongs. A detachment, the speaker announces, is marching from the North with drums beating and banners flying; and he puts it to his audience whether they will not join as Englishmen should in remonstrating against injustice and tyranny. Or perhaps he excites the half-grown boys and shabby artisans by whom he is chiefly surrounded by telling them of the woes of a labourer condemned to lifelong captivity for a righteous act of vengeance against his employer, and finishes his discourse amid vigorous hand-clappings by a peroration in which he denounces everything in general and the wickedness of the law in particular. We edge away out of reach of his vociferations, and draw near a thick-set, burly person who dilates upon the evils of capital, the monstrous injustice of working-men being ground down by people with money, and the misery which the rich force upon the poor. As a cure for such things, he proposes that all should join a Democratic Federation, and asks them to put down their names to his branch of the Society. He then steps down, saying he must go and address a meeting elsewhere. A second speaker of similar appearance announces, with a strong Scotch accent, that the collection amounts to five-and-fourpence, and closes the assembly with a hope that many present will join the great cause. If you listen to the bystanders' remarks, you may hear two poorly-dressed old men, with pipes in their mouths, who look as if they had much experience of Park oratory, and who say one to the other, "That's talk. It never comes to nothing. I don't hold with Societies which begin by asking for money," and so on, as the pair move off to see if any other stump speaker promises more immediate results, pausing probably where an attenuated Hindoo in very clearly pronounced English discourses on the benefits of Christianity, stringing texts together with wonderful skill. This does not delay them long, and they try a speaker who advocates Sunday education and amusement for the people, and tells of a room in Edgware Road where every one is welcome, where there is no charge, and visitors are free to smoke and read the papers; where occasionally there is music, and where that very day a gentleman had played a violin. The listeners look as if they had heard the same story before, and had not found the reunions alluded to very interesting. They retire shortly to finish their pipes under a spreading tree, and to enjoy the stolid repose induced by a hard week's work and a moderate allowance of bad beer.

But there are better things to be heard. An elderly man in one place discourses with even more energy than his neighbours, and seems to have something to say which is at least original. His hands and his accent betray his gentle birth and a certain amount of culture. All his enthusiasm is for humanity as viewed through its intellect. Philosophical truth is his standpoint. He would build up a system of philosophy by the use of triplets. There are three primary colours. There are three typical forms—the triangle, the square, and the circle; children should be taught to think in first principles—to refer everything to the heart within, to what they perceive without, and to the eternal to which they look in the skies. The five senses should be taught by the fingers—the thumb denotes feeling; the first finger seeing, because we point with it; the second finger taste, because it goes furthest into the jam-pot; the third smelling; and the fourth hearing, because it is the only one which will go into the ear. To the philosophical system follows a rhapsody on pure theism; all churches are denounced, and all creeds except the speaker's own. This declaration of belief he presently reads, confiding to his audience that it has taken him thirty years to formulate it; and dwelling on the comfort of communion with Heaven unobscured by the doctrines of Christianity. At this point there is an interruption. A lady in the crowd can stand it no longer, and protests, asking the speaker how he dare to mislead his hearers, and calling his views by a very harsh name. He replies gently and argumentatively, but repudiating any intention to grovel as a miserable sinner or encourage others to do so. The lady tries the efficacy of Scriptural quotations, and the crowd grows impatient, and, as she moves off discomfited, seems inclined to jeer at her. The lecturer quells this spirit at once, and tells his hearers that they should never ridicule those who speak out what they believe to be true. His platform

is free, and not like the Gospel-shop opposite, where only one side is to be put forward. He goes on to praise "backbone," and as his listeners settle down again with a certain expression of shame at their temporary rudeness, he digresses into a denunciation of cruelty to animals, and relates the enormities of a cabman who boasts that with one flick of his whip he can make his horse jump at once off all its legs. The horse is a thoroughbred, and the speaker describes its tender bringing-up, and asserts that all animals look towards man, and should be treated with care and love if we would get the most work out of them; or, as he puts it, "by our kindness to their heart springment." This strange discourse seems to attract, and though it cannot be reported or carried away, the little spice of originality serves to raise it above the general level of Park preaching. On the whole there is very little anywhere which is calculated to make a fair recompense to the public for the virtual loss of a large part of the Park on Sunday. The speakers are all distinguished by one characteristic. They have great voice power, and it is impossible to escape from hearing one or another. Fluency and well-developed vocal organs, but not correct information, or original thought, or a desire to do good, seem to be generally necessary to a speaker. The most astounding statements will go down, and political views of a crudeness beside which even Mr. Chamberlain's Radicalism would appear to have a good economical foundation. The last we hear as we take a willing leave is a mechanic who lectures on "The Greatness of the British Empire." He quotes statistics of the realm on which the sun never sets. He gives its millions of population and of mileage, its revenue, its resources, and its commerce in round numbers, and then selects India for special notice. Working down from the universal to the particular, he singles out the case of the native labourer, and harrows the feelings of his audience by describing his poverty, his life on two-pence-halfpenny a day, with a family to bring up, with little or no clothing, and nothing to eat from one year's end to another but boiled rice. He describes the hard labours of this unhappy individual—"and who," he asks by way of peroration, "is benefited by them? A few individuals, who pocket the unearned profits—the same individuals who rob the British workman."

#### THE MEANING OF CLERICAL SUBSCRIPTION.

THE question which Mr. Hubert Handley sets himself to discuss in the *Nineteenth Century*, "Why men will not be Clergymen"—or as the inquiry is limited in the first line of his article, why "young University men" shrink from taking holy orders, is one of very wide scope, and many different answers might be given to it. Some critics indeed would feel tempted to offer the not very courteous rejoinder said to have once been made by a Quaker to a query couched in somewhat similar form; "First, friend, thou tellest a lie, and then thou askest a question." A large and—at least as compared with the state of things twenty or five-and-twenty years ago—an increasing number of University men do take orders, and various reasons, wholly independent of theological belief or disbelief, might be suggested to account for a considerable percentage of those who in a former day might, almost as a matter of course, have entered—or drifted—into the ministry of the Church seeking occupation in one of the many new careers now thrown open to them. But Mr. Handley confines himself entirely to one explanation. He begins indeed by proposing "to state quite shortly some of the hindrances," but he appears in the sequel to recognize one hindrance only, which he frankly informs us has proved fatal in his own case. He professes "a passionate fondness for the English Church, and a disappointment greater than he can tell at being shut out from its ministry." What then shuts him out? The reply is summed up in one word—"subscription." To be sure in 1865 a change was effected in the form of subscription which Mr. Buxton, one of its chief promoters, described as "radical in kind, though too moderate in degree," while he defined its "express intention" to be "to make it possible for men to minister at the altars of the Church, although they might dissent from some part of her teaching, provided, however, they accepted it as a whole." It may perhaps be questioned whether Mr. Buxton's fellow-Commissioners, and still more whether Convocation—which, to his surprise, acquiesced in the change—would have been quite prepared to endorse this very curious explanation of it. To ordinary apprehension it is not easy to understand how men of common honesty and common sense can subscribe "as a whole" to a scheme of doctrine from which in detail they dissent; it even seems to imply the rather recondite notion that the whole is not only greater than its parts but distinct from them. However on this aspect of the question we need not dwell, because the change effected in 1865, whether "radical" or not, was in Mr. Handley's opinion altogether insufficient. Subscription as it is, no less than subscription as it was, is the one decisive reason "why men will not be clergymen"; it is at all events, as he assures us, the reason why he would not himself take orders, and he proceeds to sketch, apparently from personal experience, the position of "a young man at Oxford," who finds himself exposed to this severe "disappointment."

The supposed aspirant for the ministry has had during his Oxford career "to fight the anti-Christian and non-Christian speculative ghosts, atheistic, agnostic, and others," and—thanks to his religious home training and other aids—"has been enabled to lay them." He now accordingly "feels on sure, on unassailable ground



in questions of religion"—the italics are the writer's—but not equally so in questions of science—e.g. "the theory of evolution"—or of modern Biblical criticism. These questions "are in the air," and he is not by any means himself firmly rooted in the solid earth; "he cannot really hold any well-grounded notion about them," and can only be content to wait. How then can he "assent to the 39 Articles of Religion and the Book of Common Prayer"? Why not? We could understand a difficulty about accepting the Bible, for he may think it condemns evolution, but the supposed neophyte does not seem to feel any such difficulty. Nothing would induce him "to tamper with the great inviolable Christian faith"; on the contrary "no words can express his reverence and affection" for it, his "inexhaustible hope" and "inextinguishable belief in it." What then is his difficulty? The 39 Articles say nothing about evolution or modern criticism; indeed he himself observes, truly enough, that they were compiled in an age when these theories were unknown. But he nevertheless appears to think that the Articles condemn them. "To what then does the assent commit him?" Can he sign? "The answer comes that he cannot. He does not. He is not, therefore, a clergyman." We fail to perceive the connexion of premisses and conclusion. No doubt there are theories in vogue, both scientific and critical, which are fatal to any Christian or indeed any religious belief. There are theories, for instance, maintained by some in the present day which are incompatible with any belief in the Incarnation or Resurrection, or in any possible supernatural communication from God to man, and it is obvious that those who hold such theories or who think such doctrines as we have indicated false or questionable, cannot honestly subscribe the Anglican or any other Christian formularies. But neither surely can they honestly or rationally desire to enter the ministry of the Anglican or of any Christian Communion. Our supposed "young man" however not only holds no such views; he has not even made up his mind to adopt any of the current scientific or historical theories which are in question; he only "feels it possible"—the italics are not ours—"that certain physical and historical views that have been associated with Christianity will need modification, or expansion, or readjustment," but he is resolved "not to accept any modern historical or scientific theory unless it is shown to be indubitable." And therefore he "cannot sign." Again we ask, Why not? If he firmly believes in "the great inviolable Christian Faith"—and therefore we presume in the Bible—he surely cannot think it even possible that any "indubitable" truth of science or history should ever be found to clash with it. As to "views that have been associated with Christianity," there are plenty of them—e.g. the geocentric theory, the belief in the flat surface of the earth, in a universal creation in six solar days, and many others—which never formed part of any ecclesiastical confession, and have come to be quietly modified or expanded or readjusted without prejudice either to the faith of Christians or the dogmas of their creed. And it is abundantly possible that, as time goes on, other like modifications may occur. If that is the only difficulty, we do not see why it should hinder an aspirant to the Christian ministry from signing either the 39 Articles or the decrees of Trent. Both formularies deal with questions of religion, not of science or history, and "on questions of religion he feels on sure ground." Lord Macaulay says somewhere that no advance of scientific discovery can make the doctrine of Transubstantiation more credible or more incredible than before; and the same reasoning applies to other religious doctrines, whether we accept or reject them; they are not *in pari materia*. In very few cases does the letter of Scripture come into contact, still less into conflict, with the teaching of physical science at all; the question of miracles is a separate one, to which Mr. Handley makes no reference, as neither does he refer to the alleged moral difficulties of the Old Testament, which to many minds cause more perplexity than any alleged scientific or historical contradictions. However he is, or was—for he half retracts in a Postscript—quite clear that Clerical Subscription even as modified in 1865 is a fatal bar to his hypothetical "young man" entering the ministry; and he proceeds to suggest an alternative or rather two alternatives on which we have a word to say.

The first alternative is this: "Subscription might be omitted; and at ordination clergymen might promise to use, in public services, only the Church formularies, and to teach nothing in opposition to them." And the Dean of Llandaff is quoted in favour of this proposal, though it does not appear that he has ever either advocated or approved it. The obvious criticism which suggests itself on such a scheme is that it must either prove nugatory or a good deal worse. It is difficult to imagine any honest man who desires to fill the office of a religious teacher, and cares twopence about truth of any kind, pledging himself "to teach nothing in opposition to" doctrines he thinks untrue; and if he believes them to be true, why should he wish to be relieved from saying so? His congregation at least have some right to be assured that he believes what he teaches and teaches what he believes. The second alternative, for which the late Deans Milman and Stanley are quoted—quite correctly this time—is at least a simpler and more consistent and so far a less objectionable one, though the same fundamental objection holds good against both alike. Dean Milman proposed "that the use of the liturgy be the (only) doctrinal test for clergymen," and Dean Stanley more summarily declared that "the remnant of subscription" left after 1865 should be abolished, if "it keeps a single member of the Church of England from entering the ministry," which meant in his mouth if it

keeps a single English citizen from entering the ministry. For all Englishmen are regarded by a kind of legal fiction, and, as he repeatedly insisted, are rightly regarded, as members of the Established Church. Now here again it may be said that no honest man would consent, whether with or without a specific pledge, to use a liturgy in the doctrines of which he did not believe, while, if he does believe them, it can be no "relief" to be excused from avowing his belief. But some people are very puzzle-headed or very perverse in their notions of honesty, and for them the relief might well be too dearly purchased at the cost not only of their congregations, but of the general credit and welfare of the Church. This is no imaginary picture. The late Bishop Hinds, after he had resigned his See, published a pamphlet arguing that a clergyman who had become a convinced Atheist not only was not bound to resign his cure, but ought as matter of duty to retain it, and while conforming to the prescribed ritual, to preach the faith—or unfaith—that is in him from the pulpit, and the same audacious paradox was propounded by the late Lord Amberley. It is moreover a direct and inevitable corollary—though he might himself perhaps have recoiled from it—of Dean Stanley's view that no single "member of the Church of England"—by which he meant no single Englishman—ought to be precluded by any theological test from entering the ministry. It will hardly be thought requisite to waste words in refuting so monstrous a conclusion; it refutes itself. But if so, we are brought at once to the necessity of subscription to formal creeds; only in the first fervour of her infant zeal was the Church able to dispense with them. In his earliest theological work, on *The Arians*, Mr. Newman—as he then was—explained at length how this necessity of creeds soon made itself apparent, though it may in one sense be regarded as a necessary evil, and especially how the imposition of such a test was shown to be an indispensable condition of the clerical office. Mr. Handley cites in his Postscript a statement of the present Archbishop of Canterbury as favouring his contention; we do not so construe it ourselves:—

"I need not shrink from saying," writes the Archbishop of Canterbury, "that I have often gone over the pages of some anti-Christian journal with care, and failed utterly to find one of the assailed beliefs really understood. There was not what I (or any Christian I know) believed, but what some (probably honest) persons imagine we believe." Do not these misapprehensions arise because the scientific and historical latitude of the English Church is only as it were privately permitted, and not authoritatively and formally avowed? For that Church there seems to be a free unwritten constitution growing up around the constitution written and fettered. The Articles of Belief are brought into touch with the cultured consciousness of to-day, and are regenerated in the process. But the larger spirit is latent; what is patent is the restriction.

The primate's words do not at all convey to our apprehension the meaning that creeds are a "patent restriction" from which there is a "latent" escape by wriggling out of their plain sense, but that while creeds embody the real belief of the Church, they must be carefully distinguished from what "some persons"—in ignorance or malice, as the case may be—"imagine we believe," but which no Christian really does believe. Mr. Handley himself seems to have fallen, quite unconsciously no doubt, into a very similar confusion of thought. Subscription does not exclude the freedom for which, if we rightly understand him, he contends; the licence which it does exclude, it would be suicidal for the Church to concede.

#### AMERICAN QUAIL-SHOOTING.

THE perfection of American field sports is undoubtedly quail-shooting. Deer are scarce, snipe require hard work, and ducks test endurance to its utmost. But, with a bright, dry, cold November morning, when every breath of air seems to give the body a firmer grip on life, when the hoar-frost glitters like an ocean of diamonds in the rising sun, when the grey branches of the oaks and maples are lined against a cloudless blue sky, and there is just current enough in the bracing air to bring a tingle to the ears and a bloom to the cheeks, quail-shooting is a sport to live for. No shivering on marshy sedges while awaiting the flight of the swift, elusive duck; no struggling waist-deep through "queachy fens" in search of the wary snipe; this is a clean, gentlemanly, upland sport, with just a dash of covert and tangled vines to add the spice of variety. And when you flush your first covey of American quails, and they cleave the air with their resounding whirr, and you stand thunderstruck by the rapidity of their movements, you realize that the sportsman who fills his bag with these delicious birds must be nimble of judgment and sprightly of action.

The quail known in England differs considerably from the American bird in size, plumage, and call. The flesh of the two is equally white and delicate. These birds are found in every part of the United States, and are eagerly sought for by all sportsmen. In those parts of the country where they are much troubled by sportsmen they become very wild. They seldom venture far into the open fields, but remain along the edges of close covert, to which they take flight at the slightest alarm. This is generally the case all along the Atlantic seaboard, where there are two sportsmen to every bird; and the Englishman who undertakes quail-shooting in, for instance, New Jersey may count himself lucky if he bags a dozen birds after a day's exasperating struggle through almost impenetrable coverts. He will have the pleasure of occasionally seeing quails fly into the tops of tall forest trees and perch there—a thing

wholly foreign to the natural inclinations of the bird, but the result of fright, which makes birds, as well as men, forget their natures. In hilly districts the American quail is more likely to do this than in level country.

When undisturbed these birds love the open country. They frequent the stubble-fields, where they find rich pickings of loose grain. Morning and evening they feast upon the dainties which the reapers have left behind. They are up betimes when the weather is favourable, and, soon finishing their hearty meal, repair to some favourite nook and bask in the noontide sun. The wise sportsman will remember these points. The quails are not precisely migratory birds. Most of them remain distributed throughout the northern portions of the United States during the winter. Often they suffer severely from the snows and intense cold. At the beginning of the autumn, known as the "running season," great numbers of them leave their haunts and travel on foot along the river banks to the lowlands, hundreds of miles, perhaps, from their breeding-places. They pair in March, and there are always more male birds than females. The period of incubation is twenty-one days, twenty-five eggs being the greatest number ever laid. If the weather is dry and mild after hatching, the young birds will fly in three or four weeks. Bad weather and snakes, however, destroy many of the little ones. It is a common belief among American sportsmen that the quail produces two broods in one season. We have met with sitting hens in July, and have found very young birds in October. Towards the end of September, however, the full-grown birds are usually found in coveys of from ten to twenty-five. The love-call of the male bird, supposed to resemble the words "Ah, Bob White," the first two pronounced slowly and the last sharply, now gives way to a beautiful clear whistle of three notes, the first of which is the loudest and the second the weakest. The birds roost on some little knoll in an open field, arranged in a circle, with their heads on the outside.

The season for shooting quails begins in most of the United States on November 1. In most of them it closes about January 10. The birds by November have attained their full growth and plumage, and are in prime condition for eating and for testing the sportsman's powers. When full-grown these birds fly with astonishing swiftness, and, like other gallinaceous birds, make a whirring noise with their wings. When flushed by the sportsman, the members of the covey fly in various directions, seeking safety in separation. They flash into the air with great suddenness, and dart away through impenetrable coverts with marvellous certainty of flight. No one ever saw a quail entangled in the underbrush in his quickest flight. The American bird, be it noted, flies with much greater rapidity and to longer distances than his European cousin. There is much difference between the actions of the old and young birds. The young ones, of course, exhibit their inexperience by lying quiet while the dogs are pointing. They make short flights, and do not scatter widely, so that the sportsman has an opportunity to bag the greater part of the covey. The old birds are up to all kinds of cunning manoeuvres to save themselves from both dog and gun. They lie badly, and often run away from the dog as soon as they note his approach. When they are flushed they make for the thickest underbrush, or mount beyond the crests of tall forest trees. They have a marvellous faculty of carrying off shot, and sometimes escape even with a broken wing. Some coveys will not lie at all, but are ready to fly straight away at the least alarm. The pursuit of such coveys is productive only of ill-temper, and is best avoided. In spite of these peculiarities, the quail is the best bird that the Americans have to break their dogs on. They feed widely, and leave a strong scent, which the dog winds well away, and thus learns caution in making his approach. Once broken well to quails, dogs can quickly be taught to work on snipe, woodcock, and grouse.

There is no shooting in America more exhilarating than quail-shooting. There is none that may be pursued with greater lack of success when the knowledge of the old sportsman is wanting. A few hints may, therefore, be not amiss. On a fine close day—one of those magnificent November mornings that do not dawn anywhere as they do in America—the birds are up early; but if it be wet and cold—blessed with one of those north-east gales which mariners dread on the coast of the United States—then the quail rests in his bed until the day is far advanced, and breakfasts at a fashionable hour. If a steady rain pours down, the quail takes to the thickets for shelter and the wise sportsman takes to the inn. If the weather has been warm and dry for some time, you will find quails in the low fields, not in the hills where water is scarce; if it has been rainy, the quail will not be found in the lowlands. In short, these birds do not fancy either very wet or very dry places, but prefer the rich stubble fields near a running stream. In windy weather they cling to the edges of cover, or lie under the hills for protection, and, in such weather, they are difficult to approach.

At noon it is well to rest. Not only may the inner man and the inner dog be then refreshed, but the birds will be given time to gather after the scattering the sportsman has caused. More birds will have left their watering places and will be feeding in the fields. After half an hour's rest—or, better still, an hour's—one may start again, and will find the dog, if he is a good animal, as eager for the sport as at the dawn of day. The setter is the best dog for general work on quails. In the early part of the season, however, he is apt to suffer from the warmth and dryness of the weather; but he is always ready to penetrate thick coverts, his long hair giving him ample protection. It is wise to take two dogs—a pointer and a setter—in the American uplands. It is hardly necessary to remind the

sportsman that they should be thoroughly broken. When the birds are flushed, the self-controlled sportsman will avoid the strong temptation to fire at random into the covey. The birds are separating at a rapid rate, and such a shot is almost sure to be a failure. The old hand selects one bird and kills him, and has his second barrel ready for any straggler that may rise after the body of the covey. It is absolutely necessary to exercise great care in marking down the birds. They may make for thick cover, and they may drop down in the thick bushes along the banks of some brook. The sportsman should follow them as soon as he can reload and leave his dogs to attend to the dead. Never move till you have reloaded. There are nearly always one or two birds that do not rise with the covey, and when you move you will start them. On this account the dogs should not be allowed to seek dead birds till you have reloaded. It is not always a good plan to follow the birds immediately into a thick covert. The scent will be much better ten or fifteen minutes after they have settled. The American quail frequently gives forth no scent whatever for a considerable time after alighting, and the sportsman who bears this well in mind will often spare his dogs unmerited punishment. The quality most necessary, however, to the quail-shooter is coolness. The American quail has been pronounced a most difficult bird to kill. There is certainly none harder, unless it be the Wilson, or English snipe. His flight is rapid, unerring, and apparently swifter than it is. No bird is so likely to upset the sportsman's nerves. Therefore let him resolve to be cool, and not to shoot at birds when they are within twenty yards of him. Bearing these points in mind, the man who loves outdoor sport will find himself well repaid for a tramp of ten miles over the stubble-fields, through the copses, across the brooks, and through the woods of a good American quail country.

#### SOME CONSEQUENCES OF THE FALL IN SILVER.

SINCE we last wrote on the subject the fall in silver has made further progress. This week the price has gone down to 47½d. per ounce; the exchange value of the rupee has been as low as 12. 5½d.; and the four and a half per cent. bonds of the Indian Government, interest and principal payable in silver, have touched 73. In short, panic has seized the silver market, and the markets dependent upon it, and property has in consequence been depreciated in a ruinous way. The result to the Indian Government is extremely serious. Before the demonetization of silver by Germany the rupee, though for convenience sake usually converted at two shillings, was really worth one shilling and tenpence-halfpenny of our money. There has, therefore, in the interval been a fall of over fourpence-halfpenny per rupee, or just twenty per cent. Now the Indian Government has to pay large sums every year in London, which are known by the name of "home charges," and these amount at present, roughly, to about sixteen millions sterling. The payments have to be made in gold, but the Indian Government raises its revenue in silver, and, therefore, to make the payments the silver has to be exchanged for gold. In the process the Indian Government loses one-fifth. In other words, the effect of the depreciation of silver is to add fully one-fifth to the home charges of the Indian Government. If we put it in another way, perhaps the consequences will be seen still more clearly. Could silver be restored to its value before the demonetization of the metal by Germany, the Indian Government, without adding an anna to existing taxation, would have between three and four millions sterling with which to make military preparations against Russian aggression and to extend its railway system. The matter, then, is one of extreme gravity as concerns Indian finance. But its effects are much more far-reaching. A large part of the foreign trade of the United Kingdom is with silver-using countries. One of the very largest of all our trades—the cotton trade—does the greater part of its business with silver-using countries, and particularly with the Far East. The exports of cotton to the continent, and, indeed, to the more advanced nations generally, have been either stationary or declining for a long time; but the exports to the Far East have grown rapidly, and admit of being augmented very greatly still. The cotton exported from Lancashire, of course, is sold in the Far East for silver, and in turning the silver into gold the cotton exporters lose, just as does the Indian Government in paying for its home charges. Within a dozen years or so the value of the rupee, as we have seen, has fallen twenty per cent., and even within the present year it has fallen about four and a quarter per cent. The consequence is a complete paralysis of Lancashire trade with the Far East. The exporters have been in the habit of selling their bills to the Indian banks some months in advance, but the Indian banks have been frightened by the late rapid fall, and they refuse to buy. Consequently, the exporters are afraid to export; orders have ceased to be placed with the manufacturers, and there is prospect of such a depression in Lancashire as has not been witnessed for many years. And what is true of the Lancashire cotton trade is true, more or less, of every trade which is carried on largely with the silver-using countries. The fall in silver, then, inflicts a very great loss upon the Indian Treasury, and it threatens utterly to paralyse important branches of our own trade.

But there are countervailing advantages. As the exporters of cotton from Lancashire lose heavily because of the fall in silver, the exporters of wheat, cotton, and other commodities from India and other silver-using countries gain proportionately. For they sell their goods in Europe for gold, and for that gold receive a



larger number of rupees or dollars, as the case may be. Consequently, the fall in silver has given a great stimulus to the export trade of India. The cutting of the Suez Canal, the construction of railways throughout India, and the fall in silver together have created a great export trade in wheat from India. Until a few years ago it was entirely impossible to export wheat from India to Europe, but in consequence of the combination of causes to which we have referred, the Indian wheat trade is now an extremely large one. In the first eight months of the current year we bought from the United States, in round figures, about 20 million bushels of wheat; we bought from Russia about 7½ million bushels, and we bought from India about 6½ million bushels. India, it will be seen, supplied nearly as much to us as Russia, and of late the Indian exports have been largely increasing. In the week ended Tuesday night as much as 19,000 tons of wheat were exported from Bombay to Europe. This was an increase over the corresponding week of last year of 8,203 tons, or over 43 per cent. It may be, of course, that some exceptional cause led to this; but when we bear in mind that the price of wheat in Europe is considerably lower now than it was twelve months ago, we can but come to the conclusion that the fall in silver has not only made up for the fall in the price of wheat in Europe, but has actually benefited the Indian exporter more than he has been injured by the fall of wheat here in Europe. It is estimated, indeed, that if the value of the rupee were to fall permanently to 1s. 5d., India would be able to supply the whole of Europe with all the wheat it requires. This may be perhaps an exaggerated view of the matter, but looking to the fact that India is now the third greatest exporter of wheat in the world, and that only a few years ago it exported no wheat, it would be rash to say that the estimate may not be based upon good data. And, as the depreciation of silver is thus stimulating the export of wheat, it is acting in a similar way upon the exports of all other raw produce and raw materials. Already, as we have shown above, India exports nearly as much wheat as Russia. If the value of the rupee were to remain permanently at 1s. 6d., it is probable that she would beat Russia altogether, while good judges are of opinion that with the rupee at 1s. 5d. she would be able to undersell even the United States. Leaving that, however, out of the question, it seems to be proved that with the rupee at 1s. 6d. India can undersell Russia in the wheat markets of Western Europe. But the wheat trade is of immense value to Russia. Not only do the Russian peasants raise their crops largely for sale to Western Europe, but also the Russian railways depend for a considerable part of their earnings upon that trade, and likewise the Russian ports depend to a considerable extent upon that trade for their prosperity. The supplanting of Russia in the wheat markets of Western Europe by India, therefore, would inflict a serious blow upon the prosperity of that Empire. She has suffered greatly from being supplanted by the United States. If she is now practically driven out of the markets by India, her sufferings will be far greater. The peasants who find it difficult now to pay their taxes will find it still more difficult then. Poverty will increase and with it discontent, and thus it will be rendered less and less easy for the Government to carry on that aggressive policy which has so long kept the world in apprehension of war. If, then, the fall of the rupee is disadvantageous to the Indian Treasury, it is of great advantage to the Indian cultivators. By weakening Russia it also aids India in the coming struggle in Central Asia. Were we to put Lancashire and our own trade entirely out of the question, a dispassionate consideration would seem to lead to the conclusion that a permanent fall in the rupee would benefit India more than it would injure her. A permanent fall in the rupee, of course, would perpetuate the loss of the Government by exchange; but, as it would develop immensely the export trade in wheat, cotton, jute, and other articles, it would enormously increase the wealth of the country, and, therefore, would permit of an augmentation of taxation. And when once the limit of the fall should be reached the injury even to Lancashire would be ended. Lancashire suffers chiefly because the fall is going on. If it were arrested, if at last the value of silver became stable, at no matter what point, prices would accommodate themselves to the new value, and after a while no doubt the Lancashire trade would recover its old prosperity.

The manner in which this would be accomplished is not difficult to see. Owing to the nature of the climate the Indian population can do with very little clothing; and were the Lancashire merchants, therefore, to attempt to raise the price of cotton they would lead probably to such a diminution in the consumption of cotton goods as would defeat their object, and at the same time they would give the cotton mills of Bombay such an advantage over them as would aggravate their present embarrassments. Lancashire, therefore, cannot reasonably hope to make up its loss through the depreciation of silver by raising the price of cotton goods in India. Nor can the manufacturers hope to remedy the matter by materially lowering wages. Probably if the fall of silver continues there will be a considerable reduction of wages in Lancashire. But it is not to be expected, nor, indeed, is it to be wished, that wages should be reduced so enormously as to compensate for the loss to the manufacturer through the fall in silver. What the manufacturer, then, has to exact is a lowering of the price of the raw material. In that he will be helped by the competition of the Indian growers. It is true that Indian cotton cannot compare in quality with American cotton, and, therefore, cannot displace American, as Indian wheat may very well do; but as the fall in silver will

stimulate the exports of cotton as well as of wheat, the Indian cotton can be sold so much cheaper as to compel a reduction of the price of American. Furthermore, the Lancashire manufacturers being unable to continue business at present prices, should the depreciation of silver continue, the growers will have to lower their prices so as to tempt buyers. The ultimate result, then, of a permanent fall of silver to its present price, or somewhat lower, will be a great fall in the price of American raw cotton. Thus, the probability is that the sufferers from the fall in silver would to a large extent, at least, in the last resort, be Russia and the United States. The United States would suffer in the wheat trade; not to the same extent as Russia certainly, but yet very materially. They would suffer, also, as we have shown, in their cotton trade. And, lastly, they would suffer through the fall in the value of silver itself, the American mines being now the greatest producers of silver in the world. But, as we showed some weeks ago, the present fall in silver is due mainly to the fear that the Latin Union will break up, and that the American Congress will repeal the Bland Act. It appears now less probable than it did a while ago that the Latin Union will break up. Indeed, it is reported, on apparently good authority, that an understanding has been come to between France, Italy, and Switzerland to continue the Union for two years, and also that Belgium will not resume next month the attitude which a couple of months ago compelled the Conference to break up without coming to any decision. It is more doubtful how Congress will decide in reference to the Bland Act. But as the repeal of the Bland Act might not improbably lead to silver remaining at about its present price, the members from the South and West will hardly favour a measure which would so obviously injure their two great industries—cotton and wheat.

#### THE RACES FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

THERE is little to be said about the races for this famous Cup, except that, as was to be expected, the vessel which has been specially constructed for the match won, and won well. The owner of the English cutter, which, it seems clear, was defeated on the merits, has been admired for his courage in going to fight for the trophy, and greatly praised for refusing to sail over, or, as he expressed it, to walk over, when a blunder of his opponents, which certainly would have irritated most yacht-owners, put it into his power to score one race. As an antagonist said, it was just what might have been expected of him; but, although his conduct was worthy of his position, and deserved the laudation it has received, it may be doubted whether his brother-yachtsmen will be very grateful to him for what he has done. He embarked rashly on a very difficult undertaking, and the result has been that he has most effectually lowered the English flag so far as yachting is concerned. In former races there may well have been a doubt whether the Cup was fairly defended, as an Englishman had very real cause for complaint against an American Committee; but in these latter contests cause of complaint there was apparently none whatever, as everything was done to ensure a fair combat according to the rules laid down. The only vessel, seemingly, that got in the way was a merchant vessel, over which, of course, no yachting authorities could exercise any control. When the master of the *Puritan* sinned against the rule of the road, and caused a foul—a proceeding, by the way, which appears to have puzzled some of the reporters not a little—his vessel was promptly disqualified for that race; and throughout, the conditions deliberately agreed to by the English yacht-owner appear to have been strictly carried out by the Sailing Committee of the New York Yacht Club, who must have exerted themselves considerably to remove a grievance, by no means unknown in our own yacht-races, and keep the course clear.

The victory was, then, in one sense, a fair one, and naturally enough there is much exultation over it; and it will be generally thought that Englishmen have again been thoroughly defeated on their own element, and that it has again been shown that Americans can build the better yacht. Such an impression, though natural enough, would, we have no hesitation in saying, be utterly erroneous. The Americans have shown that they can build an excellent racing-machine for one special race, and Englishmen have shown that they can accept with their eyes open very absurd conditions. It cannot be said that Sir Richard Sutton fell into a trap, because the word cannot be applied when nothing was concealed or kept dark; but the effect was the same as if he had fallen into a trap. He accepted conditions designed, subject to the interference of one of those tempests which, though produced in America, seem to affect England so much more, to assure the victory of the American yacht. Having submitted to them, defeat became, as has been foreshadowed in these columns, extremely probable. Now, what was extremely probable has happened, and perhaps it will be felt that it would have been well if Sir Richard Sutton's bravery had been tempered by a little of that shrewdness which, almost a drug on the other side of the Atlantic, ought to have very high quotations here.

To make clear what has happened, it is not necessary now to enter into any technical questions of yacht-sailing, which we hope to consider when better reports of the race have come over. All that is required at present is to point out two regulations with regard to the contest which, wisely planned by the ingenious framers, tell heavily against the foreign vessel. In the first place,

it is stipulated that the foreign yacht must sail from her own country, or, to put it simply, that an English yacht must cross the Atlantic, and therefore she has to be a solid, seaworthy ship. The American yacht is placed under no similar obligation whatever, and therefore she may be a lightly-built racing-machine which has never been in blue water, and very likely would founder in a gale, but has been vamped up for this special race and for nothing else. Now this seems, to put it as gently as Mr. Chucks would have done, a trifle one-sided; but it is nothing compared with another condition in the remarkable code which governs the fights for the *America's Cup*. Although the *America* was a keel vessel—i.e. a vessel of the universal sea-going type, with a solid keel—and raced against keel vessels, and although her owners most assuredly did not give the English yacht-owners long notice of their intention to come over and fight them, the conditions allow a centre-board [i.e. a vessel with a sliding keel which can be lowered or hoisted up through a longitudinal aperture as occasion may require] to take part in the contest, and require that the English challenger shall give six months' notice of his intention to sail for the Cup. In other words, time to build a special yacht for this special purpose is insisted on.

Now certainly these conditions gave huge advantage to the Americans, and to accept them as they stood argued courage, no doubt, but also some want of experience and acumen. As just stated, the *America* was not a centre-board, and the type is condemned by all English Yacht Clubs as tending to produce an unseaworthy vessel; but undoubtedly a centre-board has enormous advantages in ordinary yacht-racing weather. Heavy, then, were the chances against the English ship, but there would have been much merit in encountering had there been necessity. Is it clear, however, that there was necessity? It is a grand thing to lead a forlorn hope, but to take out a forlorn hope without need is scarcely an heroic achievement. As it happens, Sir Richard Sutton might have either won the Cup, or virtually won it, without acquiescing in the justice of these ridiculous conditions by accepting them. His course was a very easy, and one might think an obvious one. Although the owners of the *America* indubitably sprang a mine on English yachtsmen, the Americans strongly objected to have a mine sprung on them. They did not want to have to compete with a yacht built for the race and disclosed at the last moment, so they stipulated for time to build. Such a rule, considering the history of the Cup, is of doubtful fairness; but, whether fair or not, Sir Richard Sutton might with all justice have challenged late, and asked that it should be waived. His yacht was not, so far as we are aware, specially constructed for the contest, but was built for English yacht-racing, and to meet the English rule of measurement. She was afloat and raced through a whole season before he issued his challenge. He might therefore fairly have asked that he should race only against existing yachts, and he might further have fairly asked that centre-boards should be barred. If the offer had been declined, the New York Yacht Club would have had to admit that they had no yacht of a sea-going type fit to meet an English yacht of the same character, and the *America's Cup* would thenceforth have been to them worth the silver it is made of, and no more. This course, however, simple enough surely to suggest itself to any one with the smallest knowledge of yacht-racing, was not followed, and, with chivalrous ineptitude, preposterous conditions were accepted, and the result has been a grave blow, which English yachtsmen cannot but feel. The Americans are absolutely justified in saying that they have been victorious in a race conducted with perfect fairness according to the rules laid down, and the English racing-yacht owner must be content for the present to take a back seat. It only remains to say that, while the *Puritan* is the champion American yacht, the *Genesta*, good vessel as she is, is not the champion English yacht. It is difficult to believe that, if the *Irex*, with Captain William O'Neale at the helm, had been in the *Genesta's* place on Wednesday, the *Puritan* would have had anything but those consolation cheers which sometimes greet a yacht that has fought a good fight and been beaten.

#### THE THEATRES.

**D**RURY LANE is known as "The National Theatre," and it is becoming to acknowledge the production of new plays at a house so called. It would be becoming to criticize them were there anything in them that called for criticism; but this is not the case with regard to the modern melodramas which are the staple entertainment here for those whom modern melodramas entertain. The characters in the "new and original" *Human Nature* have done duty hundreds of times before; they pass by well-trodden paths to familiar destinations. "Videsne, ut in proverbio sit ovorum inter se similitudo?" They vary somewhat in shape and colour, but are strictly after the same pattern. If the list of *dramatis personæ* who do duty in *Human Nature* were submitted to a score of experienced playgoers, with the request that they would sketch out the probable plot, few of them would be wide of the mark. This, by the way, would not be a bad idea for the next playwright who is called upon to turn out a melodrama. Let him proceed something on the principle of the writer of *bouts-rimés*, compile a list of characters and work them into a plot. Dulot's sonnets, thus constructed, were much in demand, and there is no reason why a dramatic Dulot should have less success. In *Human Nature* the leading people are Captain Temple, his wife and child; Matthew

Hawker, a solicitor; Paul de Vigne, in the Egyptian service; Horatio Spofkins, Hawker's clerk; Cora Grey, an adventuress, friend of Temple's wife. Remembering the late Egyptian troubles—the present Egyptian troubles, it is to be feared—cannot the reader form a shrewd notion of what happens? Captain Temple must, of course, go to the Soudan. What should a lawyer named Hawker do but evil deeds? what should a clerk named Spofkins do but act comically? and in a melodrama it is usually the comic man who checkmates the wicked. With the further hint that Paul de Vigne is a rascal, the main issues of the plot will lie bare to the student of melodrama. Temple must have some special enemy to meet in the Soudan, and who should this be but the villain, described as "in the Egyptian service"? Then we have Cora, the adventuress, the friend of the excellent Temple's wife; and if we add that Cora, having loved Temple, is now (very naturally) angry that he should contemptuously spurn her, and bid her leave the presence of the pure woman to whom he has transferred his affections; if, furthermore, we remark that on the death of Temple's child Hawker would inherit money of which he is in great need, we think that there is little more to be said about the foundation on which the five acts of *Human Nature* rest. Paul de Vigne, amongst other baseless, has designs on his friend Temple's wife, and there is something beautifully childlike about the manner in which she is made to appear guilty. We need not go into details; they would be tedious; but it may be remarked that when Mrs. Temple is writing a letter the treacherous Cora suggests that she should add a postscript, worded in a compromising way, and with special emphasis advises her to write the postscript on the blank half-sheet of paper. Why should she do so? There is of course no reason that could explain such an incident in everyday life; but the all too guileless Mrs. Temple writes on the blank half-sheet, whereupon Cora obtains possession of the letter, tears off the postscript, and sends it to Paul de Vigne (for whom the letter was not intended; it was Hawker, not yet unmasked, to whom the simple-minded woman was writing), and so suspicion is directed to her when De Vigne arrives and is caught. Temple immediately after this goes to the Soudan, leaving Hawker to obtain a judicial separation; but he procures a divorce. Into the law of all this, or rather the want of law, it is not worth while to enter. The plot is made up of Hawker's endeavours to bring about the death of Temple's child, protected by his mother, and of Temple's efforts to prove the innocence of the wife he so very hastily condemned.

The fourth act of the play introduces new scenes, a zereba at night, a city in the Desert, the Wells, and the return of the troops through Trafalgar Square. The attempt to realize these scenes is by no means unsuccessful, so far as success can be obtained on the stage. Temple is found in the zereba; he heads a species of forlorn hope to rescue the city, in which Paul de Vigne, as has been pointed out, does duty for Olivier Pain; the two meet at the Wells, where Temple spares the life of the villain, who is at his mercy, but cannot save it from his enemies—all of which, except the attack on the city, which is feebly contrived, is carefully and effectively shown. The Trafalgar Square scene is also presented with much ingenuity on the part of the scene-painters and of the stage-managers who arranged the crowd; but it is only of late years that this sort of thing has been accepted as within the purpose of playing, and it has yet to be determined whether in this respect the purpose is not strained. In the representation of this melodrama, which has been compiled by Mr. Harris and Mr. Pettitt, there is little to commend. Mr. Henry Neville is the Captain Temple, and advertisements in the daily papers state that, in the opinion of Mr. Harris, Mr. Neville is "the leading romantic actor of the day." "C. S." in the *Illustrated London News* declares, on the other hand, that "as a romantic actor Mr. Wilson Barrett has no rival." What place Mr. Harris and "C. S."—supposing they could be brought into agreement—would give to Mr. Henry Irving, who, after all, has some claims to consideration, playgoers are left to surmise. Mr. Neville as Temple is better than Mr. Leathes as Hawker, and Mr. Leathes is better than Mr. J. G. Graham as Paul de Vigne, all of these being admirable in comparison with Mr. J. H. Clynds, but only when this comparison is most strictly observed. Mr. Nicholls as Spofkins can give but very faint indications of the humour which he is known to possess. The heroine, Mrs. Temple, is performed by Miss Isabel Bateman, who exhibits knowledge of the methods of stage heroines. One of the suffering children common to modern melodrama is played with more than usual cleverness by Miss K. Barry. We have said nothing about the horse which Mr. Neville timorously bestrode when we saw the play, because we cannot but suppose that the ill-advised partnership has been before now dissolved.

At the Court *The Magistrate*, with a cast different for the time from the original one, goes with engaging smoothness and liveliness. Miss L. Venne plays Mrs. Posket with vivacity and meaning; Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree as Charlotte acts with just the right conviction and lightness of touch; and Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, filling Mr. Arthur Cecil's part of Mr. Posket, plays judiciously and successfully on the same lines and yet without imitation. Mr. Clayton continues to play his original part of Colonel Lukyn with all his original humour and force. The performance is an especially good example of true farce acting, and is especially to be commended in that repetition has fared rather than coarsened it.



## THE ST. LEGER.

THE first volume of the history of the St. Leger may be said to have ended immediately before the Derby. Melton, the champion two-year-old of last season, had been out once this year, in the Payne Stakes, and had shown that he had not lost his form. The Two Thousand had been won by Paradox, who was not entered for the St. Leger; but Crafton, Child of the Mist, Sheraton, and Lord Charles, all St. Leger horses, ran second, third, fourth, and fifth. The One Thousand was won by Farewell, who afterwards became for a short time second favourite for the St. Leger; St. Helena, Armida, Cipollina, and some other fillies entered for the St. Leger being unplaced. What we may call the second volume opened a few days before the Derby with the publication of the weights for the Free Handicap Sweepstakes, which was to be run off at Newmarket in October. Many of the St. Leger horses were included in this handicap, but most of them were scratched long ago for various reasons, chiefly through their legs giving way on the unusually hard ground; and as these have very little to do with our story, we will not notice them. Of the principal favourites that remained in the betting for the St. Leger until the beginning of the present month the following were thus estimated:—Melton, 8 st. 12 lbs.; Luminary, 8 st. 5 lbs.; Dame Agnes, 8 st. 4 lbs. Then came Farewell, Lonely, and Lord Charles at 7 st. 10 lbs. each, and, at 8 lbs. less, St. Helena. Pepper and Salt was weighted at as little as 6 st. 8 lbs., and Isobar, who had not then run in public, was, of course, unnoticed. We lay great stress on the Free Handicap, because it forms the best basis for calculations of three-year-old form.

In the Derby, Melton amply justified the official handicapper in allotting so heavy a weight to him, for, although he was run to a head by Paradox, the rest of the field, including the St. Leger horses Crafton, Luminary, Sheraton, and others, was easily beaten. The Free handicap, however, received a rude shake in the very indifferent running of Luminary, who was a bad eighth in the Derby, and it now seemed highly improbable that he would ever beat Melton again at even weights, as he had done in the previous July. While alluding to this horse, we may recall his race at Derby for the Hartington Plate, ten days before the St. Leger, when he was unplaced under a very moderate weight, after starting first favourite.

Candidates for the St. Leger ran for the Oaks in the following order—Lonely, St. Helena, Cipollina, Dame Agnes, and Golden Light. Here was another serious change in the probable merit of the Free Handicap, for the running of Dame Agnes was wretched, although on her form up to the publication of the handicap she had earned every ounce of the weight assigned to her. Lonely won easily by a length and a half from St. Helena. It was rather singular that not one horse entered for the St. Leger ran in the Grand Prix. On the other hand, the excellent form shown on the Continent by Xaintrailles made him one of the leading favourites for the St. Leger until he gave way in his training. At Ascot, the victory of Pepper and Salt for the Prince of Wales's Stakes seemed to make his winning the St. Leger within the range of possibility; but on the following day he was beaten by three lengths, at equal weights, by Child of the Mist, who also won another race at the same meeting. Pepper and Salt was scratched a week before the St. Leger. At Ascot, again, St. Helena reversed the Oaks running by winning the Coronation Stakes, for which Lonely was unplaced. Sheraton won the St. James's Palace Stakes in such excellent style that he was backed for the St. Leger until the hard ground put an end to his preparation. The great surprise of the meeting, however, was the success of Isobar for the Rous Memorial Stakes. It was a regular runaway affair, and he won by fifteen lengths from Duke of Richmond and Prism. About a month afterwards he won the St. George's Stakes at Liverpool.

The prospects of the St. Leger were not much affected by any of the racing at Goodwood; but at Redcar St. Helena won the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes, at Stockton she won the Great Northern St. Leger, and at York she won the Yorkshire Oaks, after 2 to 1 had been laid on Farewell. Farewell was beaten again later in the same week by the very moderate Merry Duchess.

We have referred to the principal races that have had a bearing on the St. Leger this year; but it may be said that that race was generally considered a mere question of health for Melton, and that the form of his opponents was comparatively little studied. It was almost universally agreed among good judges that this colt was a model of a racehorse in appearance. There are critics who have taken exception to his loins on the score of slackness, while others have objected that he is short behind the saddle; but they must be hard to please, and it may pretty safely be said of him that he is "good all over." Lonely, the winner of the Oaks, is exactly the mare to please those who like neat, compact, and small horses. She is but little over fifteen hands in height; but she has a great deal of power, and her shape is all that can fairly be wished. St. Helena is of exactly the opposite build, being sixteen hands high, with a plain head and lop-ears, grand shoulders, light loins and flanks, but very unlike his sire, Isonomy; but he has a pair of curby hocks. Dame Agnes is a fine mare, but she has a weak neck; and, although she is a very free mover in her gallops, she has a lazy, listless style of walking.

Ten horses went to the post, and Lord Marcus Beresford got

them away very evenly at the second attempt at a start. They had scarcely run fifty yards when Westdale stopped and turned round. A quarter of a mile further on Swillington broke a blood-vessel. Dunbridge made the running at his best pace as far as the Rifle Butts, where he was completely exhausted. Farewell then took the lead until she was within half a mile of the winning-post, when she also had had enough of it. Lonely and St. Helena were in front from that point to the bend, when Melton began to bear down upon them. St. Helena soon gave way, and Lonely was not able to fight long against Melton; but Isobar rushed up very gamely below the distance. Only the last-named pair were now left in the race; but there was not a shadow of doubt about the result when Archer called upon the favourite to respond to Isobar's challenge, for he dashed away from his opponent without the slightest difficulty, and won by half a dozen lengths. Lonely was a bad third, and St. Helena an even worse fourth. Dame Agnes, who had never shown prominently in the race, was fifth.

Lord Hastings bred Melton himself, and to breed and own a horse that has won the Middle Park Plate, the Derby, and the St. Leger, as well as other races, is to attain the summit of racing ambition. Those interested in the welfare of the Turf have cause for gratification in reflecting that public form was satisfactorily confirmed in the late St. Leger. The first four horses to pass the post came in in exactly the order foretold by the betting. The people who have most reason for dissatisfaction at the result of the race are the professional bookmakers, but they well know where to look for consolation. The St. Leger brought Melton's winnings, in stakes alone, up to 15,117*l*. It is interesting now to remember that during the spring the racing prophets doubted whether the colt could be kept sound until the Derby day. Yet he has trained on and on, and won the St. Leger, while the greater number of his opponents have given way on the hard ground.

## A KNOTTY QUESTION.

[In the course of the morning a case arose in which a voter claimed as occupier in St. James's parish. Some amusement was caused by the announcement that the Parliamentary boundary between the Strand and St. George's, Hanover Square, followed the old parish boundary, which cut right through the claimant's house. The agents had a difficulty in saying to which division he belonged, for in the day-time he was usually in his shop, which was in the Strand division, while in the night-time, when occupying his bedroom, he was a denizen of St. George's.]

## I.

MY hair is grey, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white  
In a single night,  
As men's has done through sudden fears.  
No instantaneous mental shocks  
Have silvered these ambrosial locks,  
And if they now no longer are  
The envy of the utter Bar,  
If now they shame the white horsehair  
Of the forensic wig I wear,  
It is that I have vainly wandered  
In mazes of bewildered thought  
And long and desperately pondered  
A point with hopeless puzzles fraught.  
For of all tough conundrums yet  
(Or should it be conundra) set  
Revising Barristers to solve,  
The riddle that I now resolve  
Has ne'er, I think, its equal met.

## II.

'Twas strange indeed, and passing strange,  
That Fors should thus  
With Ternious  
The Parliamentary bound arrange  
Which separates on either hand  
Our fair St. George's from the Strand;  
Strange that that line should take its way  
Right through the house of Mr. A,  
And that, while B, and C, and D,  
With cases clear as that of E,  
At once a plain allegiance own  
To one or other, A alone  
Between the Strand and fair St. G.'s  
Stands like a choosing Hercules.

## III.

Nay more; the limit that divides  
Th' electoral areas coincides  
With the mysterious bounds that keep  
That road of strife,  
Our waking life,  
From the forgetful fields of sleep.  
The Strand A's busy day employs,  
St. George's rules his leisured joys;  
To the loud Strand the hours are given  
When blazes Sol in midmost heaven,  
But when the shades of evening close,  
St. George's woos him to repose.

In short (this style of thing to drop)  
The Strand division holds his shop,  
'Tis there his till its gains engorges,  
His little bedroom's in St. George's.

## IV.

But which of these should qualify,  
Counter or couch, I know not, I.  
My way unable to discern,  
The knotty question I adjourn.  
And while my slow decision pends,  
Doubt everywhere distracts his friends.  
No canvasser of either name  
Dares to neglect his double claim;  
The Strand's election agents stray  
Into his shop, and day by day  
Quite casually trade;  
While nightly 'neath his window choirs  
Of those who pull St. George's wires  
Pour forth the serenade.

## V.

Yet which of these should qualify,  
Counter or couch, I know not, I.  
For was it in the toils of day  
This privilege accrued to A?  
And did it into being start  
Amid the clamours of the mart?  
Or was it in those softer hours  
When man resigns his waning powers  
To Sleep, the universal friend—  
Was't then that the electoral right  
Had birth, and in the sacred night  
Did Fitness, like a balm, descend?  
I know not, I, but when I read  
Some demagogue's distracted screed  
Fulfilled of phantasies, meseems  
That truth to tell  
A man may well  
Vote for the place in which he dreams.  
But yet, again, when round about  
The hucksters of the Caucus shout,  
And party leaders pass me by  
In eager traffic for a cry,  
Why then, indeed, I feel with shame  
That if by trade  
The member's made,  
The shop should found the voter's claim.

## REVIEWS.

## THE RUIN OF ZULULAND.\*

MISS FRANCES COLENZO is an earnest and able advocate, or rather she is a devoted and loyal partisan. All who have read her animated vindication of Cetewayo, even if they are not convinced by her arguments, will sympathize with a misfortune which she records in a few simple and dignified sentences, without a querulous note of useless regret. On the 3rd of September, 1884, a "little herd-boy came breathless to Miss Colenso [the writer's sister] to report a great fire about a mile and a half to the north-west, leaping over the shoulder of the range of hills on which Bishopstowe stood. In ten minutes' time the flames, carried before the violent gale, flew down the long slope, leaping across the wide burnt belt which surrounded us on every side, tearing through the undergrowth of the long plantations, and throwing themselves with fury on the house. 'A regiment of soldiers could have done nothing,' said afterwards an intelligent English farmer present at the scene. "The materials," Miss Colenso calmly adds, "for the latter portion of a detailed history of the Ruin of Zululand having been destroyed on this occasion, it is necessary to collect them again." This misfortune, borne with a fortitude so much to be respected, is the more irreparable because in this instance postponement is likely to imply growing indifference and final oblivion. There may be fresh stages in the ruin of Zululand, but the personal experiences and grievances of Cetewayo excite an interest which becomes fainter and fainter as his deposition, his restoration, and his death fade into an obscure though recent past. The attachment of Miss Colenso's family to the Zulu King, and their steady support of his cause, account for her lasting interest in a subject which in England is already becoming obsolete. The personal element in the controversy, though it receives a natural and laudable prominence in Miss Colenso's work, was, even while Cetewayo lived, of secondary importance. The age of legitimist enthusiasm is over in Europe, and it is anomalous in place and time when kings *de jure* and pretenders *de facto* happen to be coloured African potentates. Demands that "the King shall enjoy his own again" now provoke the question whether his own are likely to profit by his return. Miss Colenso believes in Cetewayo as a Jacobite believed in

Charles Edward, and she always in perfect seriousness designates the members of his family as Princes. One part of her contention may at once be admitted as sound. The Zulu King was unjustly attacked and dethroned; and if his own rights and interests had been exclusively concerned, he might have been entitled at the end of the war to immediate and unconditional restoration. It is even possible that he might have been safely replaced on his throne when the victory of Ulundi had partially repaired the lamentable disaster of Isandlana; but after his dominions had been divided among thirteen petty chieftains, the kingdom could only be revived at the risk of internecine war and at the cost of a direct breach of faith. General Wolsley has twice in his remarkable career, without fault of his own, witnessed the subsequent retraction of solemn promises made by himself in the name of his Government. The Zulu kinglets, as they were appropriately called, were formally assured by the High Commissioner that their rights would be protected and maintained to the end of time. Like the defenders of Dongola in later times, Oham, Dunn, and the rest afterwards learned that the word of England was liable to reconsideration. For vested interests created in derogation of the divine right of kings Miss Colenso has not the smallest respect. She has good reason to regard Cetewayo as the victim of injustice while he was kept in confinement at the Cape. He was there not as a criminal, for he had only discharged his highest duty in defending his country against wanton invasion, but as a State prisoner who could not safely be allowed to resume his rights over his former subjects. Miss Colenso, of course, persuades herself, and it may be allowed that her arguments are plausible, that the welfare of Zululand was identified with the personal interests of the banished King. Lord Kimberley and his colleagues, when they arrived after long hesitation at the same conclusion, perhaps shared the one-sided prejudice against undeserved personal hardship which is more excusable in Miss Colenso.

Englishmen who take a general interest in the affairs of South Africa can scarcely be expected to possess independent knowledge of the characters of different Zulu chiefs, or of the public opinion, if such a phrase may be used, of the majority of the natives. Miss Colenso naturally claims to be better informed; but she is scarcely aware of the inconvenience which results from the combination of the functions of an advocate with those of a witness. She blames Sir Theophilus Shepstone for noticing a report sent in by Mr. Osborn, then Resident in Zululand, of intended violence to the party which was despatched by the Governor of Natal to assist at the ceremony of restoration. The original report was made by a Zulu headman "who from Mr. Osborn's account was evidently a traitor and a spy, and, as a personal knowledge of the Sutu [Cetewayoist] leaders, their views and feelings, enables one to add, a liar as well." Miss Colenso's statement that an unknown Zulu was a liar is merely founded on her own judgment of the policy and conduct of Cetewayo's followers. She evidently thinks that, even if the report had been true, it ought to have been disregarded because it may have involved a breach of confidence or a violation of personal loyalty on the part of the narrator. The English Government was to blame, not for relying on the official statements of its representatives in South Africa, but for arbitrarily disregarding their repeated and urgent advice. Sir H. Bulwer was peculiarly entitled to confidence, because he had from first to last steadily condemned the aggressive policy of Sir Bartle Frere. He had always recognized Cetewayo's disposition to maintain the English alliance, and he had shown that in any case no overt act had furnished an excuse for the destruction of the Zulu military power. After the defeat and capture of Cetewayo, Sir H. Bulwer, without modifying his former judgment, became convinced that the restoration of the King was not desired by the great body of the Zulus. It is certain, notwithstanding the contrary judgment of Miss Colenso, that the Natal colonists were earnestly opposed to the experiment; and Sir Henry Bulwer earnestly supported their protests. The result of the adverse decision of the English Government broadly justified the warnings which Lord Kimberley had obstinately disregarded. The return of Cetewayo was immediately followed by civil war, and the result has been anarchy and loss of territory. Miss Colenso indeed asserts that Zibebu was to blame in his quarrel with Cetewayo; but she fails to perceive that the inevitable collision between the chiefs and the restored King was one of the principal dangers which Sir H. Bulwer had apprehended. It is difficult to believe that the separation of the Reserve from the King's former dominions was the sole cause of Cetewayo's failure to re-establish his authority. It is more probable that Sir H. Bulwer was right when he proposed to Lord Kimberley the reservation of a much larger territory. Since the destruction of the barbarous but efficient military organization of the Zulus, the substitution of British rule has been the only advantageous alternative. The recognition of Zibebu as an independent ruler was not founded on his legal or moral claim to sovereignty, but on his ability to defend his distant dominions. As the result proved, he was, on his own ground, more than a match for Cetewayo, and he could only have been dethroned by force. The withdrawal of sovereign rights from the other kinglets within two or three years from the time when they had been conceded and guaranteed was a sufficiently high-handed measure. It would have been a criminal act of folly to employ English troops in the expulsion of Zibebu.

If Miss Colenso is in the right, not only Sir Bartle Frere, but Lord Wolsley, Sir H. Bulwer, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, Mr.

\* *The Ruin of Zululand: an Account of British Doings in Zululand since the Invasion of 1879.* By Frances Ellen Colenso. 2 vols. Vol. II. London: William Kidgway. 1885.



Osborn, and the white inhabitants of Natal must have from first to last been under a strange delusion. It is true that Sir Garnet Wolseley "is not, after all, the despotic ruler of Great Britain." He was only the confidential agent of the English Government in the settlement of Zululand, as Sir H. Bulwer was afterwards its official representative. The opinion of all the authorities is controverted by Miss Colenso; and if the experiment of restoring Cetewayo had not been tried, it might have been impossible to prove that she was mistaken. Few Ministers would have ventured, like Lord Kimberley, to disregard the unanimous judgment of their own subordinates on the spot. Lord Kimberley can scarcely have shared Miss Colenso's doubts whether "Sir H. Bulwer was altogether responsible for his words and actions." Her suspicion is founded on a despatch in which it was stated that Undabuko (one of the Zulu "Princes") had been the chief cause of certain disturbances. "This is," says Miss Colenso, "truly an amazing statement, after which one begins to wonder how far the writer can be wholly responsible for his own words and actions. There is something hardly sane in this persistent rejection of the most palpable truths by a man who five years earlier had shown so much ability and sense of justice as had Sir Henry Bulwer." An unfavourable judgment on the conduct of one among many Zulu chiefs would hardly be represented by the most imaginative of mad-doctors as a proof of insanity. A masculine disputant might even think that a former display of ability and sense of justice raised a presumption in favour of Sir H. Bulwer's charges against Undabuko. With colonial opinion Miss Colenso deals as freely as with the fairness and capacity of the Governor, and in some passages she asserts that the colonists of Natal were not opposed to the restoration. On other occasions she declares that "the political views of the colonial public were wholly opposed to any point being made of Zulu loyalty to Cetewayo, or of undue coercion on the part of Natal Government officials in the Reserve—in fact, to any hypothesis likely to interfere with Sir Henry Bulwer's admirable scheme for neutralizing the good effects of England's action."

It is perhaps not Miss Colenso's fault that the events which she records appear to her in a light which exaggerates their dimensions. She devotes a considerable space to the misfortunes of a Natal journalist and newspaper correspondent who was defendant in an action for libel. He had reported to his English journal, and had published in his own local paper, a strange story of a brutal assault supposed to have been committed by the Resident in Zululand on a deputation of native adherents of Cetewayo. Miss Colenso, the writer's sister, assisted defendant to procure evidence of a charge which was absolutely denied by the plaintiff. In the result the jury gave a unanimous verdict for the plaintiff with 500*l.* damages, unanimity not being required by the colonial law. The author of the libel was at the same time dismissed by his English employers, and perhaps it was scarcely for his advantage that the case should be reopened before a tribunal which has neither jurisdiction nor means of forming an independent judgment. Miss Colenso's sympathy would probably not have been alienated from a writer who had libelled an opponent of Cetewayo, if all the jurymen in the Empire had, with the approval of all the judges, confirmed the unwelcome verdict. Even if the decision of the jury had not been conclusive, episodes of the kind are not materials for history. It is possible that a few English readers, unconnected with South Africa, may be tempted by Miss Colenso's animated presentation of her case to take a certain interest in a half-forgotten controversy. Her impulses are generous, and, if she is not always just, the defect is ladylike, and, except when it is carried to excess, it may be easily pardoned. Her laudable zeal for her friends in some instances leads her to bring scandalous and unjustifiable accusations against their alleged enemies. One charge against an officer of high rank is utterly incredible in itself, and it is in no degree excused by her friendship for one of his late subordinates. That Governors, Residents, Commissioners, and the whole population of a colony were ill informed, unjust, and even occasionally insane, is a proposition which Miss Colenso enunciates with graceful indifference to the balance of probability and to the comparative weight of authority.

#### STORIES OF THREE COUNTRIES.\*

WRITERS of books for children often forget that a child resents patronage as impatiently as people of riper years. The writer who treats the child-reader like an imbecile makes the same mistake as the clergyman who "preaches down" to a village congregation, and a like fate will befall both. Milk for babes must not be diluted to blueness, or healthy babes will not relish it. Unfortunately the stories before us are, as it were, milk that has been profusely and overtly watered, and children of normal tastes will, we are sure, turn away from them. Each volume, however, presents a different degree of feebleness. The lowest depth is certainly reached in *The Story of Switzerland*, which contains a mixture of play and lessons detestable to all children of sound mind. It describes how little Daisy went to the Engadine with her mother, and paid a visit to the cottage of her Swiss nurse,

where she made acquaintance with another little girl, who announces herself as "proud and cold-hearted," with a little boy to whom this proud young lady is unkind, and with various other persons. At the same time there is no story, no one does anything particular, and every one is equally uninteresting. The history is brought in by supposing a "Children's Society" near Samaden, to which a benevolent old gentleman named Herr Planta lectures on Swiss history every Sunday evening. Miss Leo has evidently heard someone say something about historical criticism, for she makes Herr Planta instruct his little hearers not "to mix the true and the false." Acting on this principle, he warns them to be cautious what they believe about Lucius, "who is not found in the histories of Britain, except in that of Bede"; while he would have them hold firmly the Swedish origin of the Switzers. The oath of Rütli and its attendant fables are told as undoubted facts; and so, too, is the story of William Tell, only the critical old lecturer, while bidding the children swallow Gessler's hat, warns them to strain at Tell's apple. On another Sunday evening he kills Charles the Bold at Morat. When people write of matters of which they know nothing, they should always speak in their own persons. Swiss gentlemen are not so ignorant of the history of Switzerland as one would suppose from the nonsense Miss Leo puts into her Herr Planta's mouth. Although the *Story of Norway* is happily free from little girls and their nurses, it is written in the jerky, patronizing style that for some hidden reason is supposed to be peculiarly fitted for children's comprehension. It is full of such sentences as "Hakon was good. Why was he good?" and "He had a lot of servants dressed very fine, and was rather grand altogether." A large part of the book is taken up with stories out of the *Lives of the Kings*, told in a babyish fashion, and with little attempt to separate what is true from what may confidently be said to be mere romance. We observe with pain that Mrs. Sidgwick believes the Holy Alliance to have been formed between England, Russia, and Austria, about the time of the bombardment of Copenhagen, "to stop Napoleon and the French people, whom he had driven mad." Children who are taught this have trouble laid up in store for them. In spite of some lapses into nursery talk, the *Story of Russia* is, on the whole, fairly told. The liberation of the country from the Tartar yoke and the effects of German and French influence are well described; the reign of Peter the Great is scarcely so satisfactorily dealt with. The leading characteristics of the history of Russia, the extension of her power at the expense of the Swedes and of the Turks, should have been more clearly and emphatically brought out. Books for young people should always be written on broad and well-marked lines. It is grievous to read that when Constantinople was taken by the "Turkish King" in 1453 "the Greek Emperor had to flee," and to find that, in spite of an accurately drawn map on the first page of the book, the Crimea is described as "a little three-cornered island." We do not think that children will take kindly to these volumes of "Stories," and we hope that parents will not insist on their reading them.

#### CHILD LIFE IN CHINESE HOMES.\*

THIS book about Chinese children is ostensibly written for English children, but there are few grown-up persons who will not learn from its pages a good many interesting and instructive facts which they did not know before. What Mrs. Bryson tells us she tells simply and undidactically, but with the earnestness of an intelligent and tender-hearted woman whose zeal for the humanization and Christianization of the strange people among whom she lives might be termed passionate if it were not chastened by the wise prudence of common sense. She knows that though "zeal is a good thing, love is a better," and her love for the young heathen for whom she appeals is so strong that she will not risk the weakening of her advocacy by a simulated fervour or unreal enthusiasm. If she sometimes uses a phraseology which commends itself more strongly to a certain school of sectaries than to persons of cultivated taste, and if she ignorantly persists in giving the misnomer of Sabbath to Sunday, she evinces in every chapter a wider charity than commonly belongs to the pronouncers of such shibboleths. She can even say a good word for the Roman Catholic missionaries who build Foundling Hospitals for Chinese orphans or discarded children.

Mrs. Bryson, writing for young people, tells many rudimentary truths about China, of which adults might be politely credited with full knowledge, but which we fancy are new to a good many "grown-ups." We all know that China possesses an earlier history and civilization than any other existent nations; but this fact is more strongly impressed upon us when we read that "When Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt the Chinese were a strong nation," and that "Ten years after the child Samuel heard the voice of God speaking to him in the still midnight hours a Chinese Emperor was writing a book which is one of the standards of education to this day, and is committed to memory by all the advanced students of the Empire." We all know that Chinese ladies have deformed feet and wear ridiculously small misshapen shoes; but are many of us aware that the dominant race, the Manchus, are scornfully intolerant of the absurd custom, and that no small-footed woman is admitted within the precinct of the Imperial palace? We are not even sure that all the successful

\* *The Story of Switzerland*. By Theresa Melville Lee. London: Rivingtons. 1885.

*The Story of Norway*. By Charlotte S. Sidgwick. London: Rivingtons. 1885.

*The Story of Russia*. By M. E. Benson. London: Rivingtons. 1885.

\* *Child Life in Chinese Homes*. By Mrs. Bryson, of the London Mission, Wuchang, China. London: The Religious Tract Society.

candidates at a Civil Service examination at home are aware of the marked difference with which Chinese parents regard the birth of children of different sexes; that a boy is cosseted and welcomed and made much of, and that a girl is lucky if she does not get drowned or is not pitched from a tall tower to die in a deep ditch. We are thankful to say that to this rule, as to all others, there are exceptions, and that it is not always to male infants exclusively that, instead of such pretty names as their parents' love suggests, such nicknames are given as Little Stupid, Vagabond, Flea, Dog, or Dirt. For such ugly sobriquets are dictated, not by scorn or dislike, but by passionate love. And this is the philosophy of it. Evil spirits, who are always looking out for an opportunity of showing spite and ill feeling, will imagine that parents cannot value very highly sons and daughters to whom these ugly appellations are given, and therefore will not take the trouble to injure or molest them.

How many of the regular contributors to *Notes and Queries* are aware that "Punch and Judy" came originally from "Far Cathay"? Again, although it is specially advisable in a book for children that the virtue of filial piety and the advantages of education should be specially inculcated, persons of mature age may be instructed as well as amused by some of the anecdotes which show how zealously the virtue is cultivated and how highly the advantage is appreciated in China.

Three thousand years ago a man whose name was Lao-Lai-tsz had both parents living, though he himself was seventy years old. He not only provided the ancient couple with dainty dishes, and waited on them day and night, but he would "dress up" to amuse them, and would dance and play with his toys, and pretend to tumble down and to cry, and then nestle up to his father and mother to be kissed and coaxed and comforted. All this was done with a loving desire to make the old folks believe that they were once more a young married couple, and had a baby child.

Ting Lan made carved wooden images of his deceased parents, which he tended and watched over as if they were living beings. His wife cruelly and irreverently stuck pins into the beloved effigies, which bled and shed tears. Ting Lan never forgave the sacrilegious outrage. He divorced his irreverent spouse, and banished her for ever.

For Wang Liang we cannot pretend the same admiration which we honestly feel for Ting Lan and Lao-Lai-tsz. His strange devotion to Mrs. Wang, who was only his stepmother, seems exaggerated, even if it is praiseworthy to be fond at all of a lady who stands in that peculiar relation to one. Be this as it may, the woman who had taken the place of Wang Liang's own mother, and who was in the habit of treating the lad with unkindness, expressed one day, when all the rivers and ponds were frozen, an unreasoning desire for a dish of fresh carp. Out in the bitter cold night went the pious stepson, resolved, like Marshal Bugeaud, to "conquer the elements." After a time he reached a plain of iron-bound water powdered with dusty snow. He stripped himself naked, and lay down on the hard frozen surface until the warmth of his little body melted the thick ice, and two fine carp leaped into his hand. He put on his clothes, went home, and presented the fish on his knees to the *injuncta noverca* who had made his young life miserable.

We cannot conclude without condensing into our own bald *précis* a few more of the stories which Mrs. Bryson tells so pleasantly. This time they redound to the glory of education, which, among the Chinese as well as in modern England, is sometimes wisely honoured as a great good and sometimes blindly worshipped as a fetish.

Sun-King's devotion to study was so enthusiastic that he fastened the hair of his head by a cord to a beam in the ceiling lest he should fall asleep over his book. Another poor scholar who could not afford a candle collected a heap of glowworms and read his grammar by the light emanating from those strange insects. So keen was the thirst for knowledge of one poor fellow that he conned his task by the light of the reflected snow. Wang-yu-ching bored a hole in the partition-wall which separated his next-door neighbour's house from his own, and by the faint light which struggled through the chink he pored over his books until he made his name famous.

We had marked a great many more passages for quotation; but we have no room for them, and, after all, it is scarcely fair to pick more than a few plums out of a dish which our readers will find dainty to the taste and easy of digestion. We must, however, give them a few Chinese conundrums to guess. Some of them are quite as good as the time-honoured posers, "When is a door not a door?" and "Where was Moses when the candle went out?" We withhold the answers.

What is the fire that has no smoke and the water that has no fish?

What is the thing that has two mouths and travels by night and not by day?

What are the eyes of Heaven, the bones of water, and the looking-glass of the sky?

It would not be fair to conclude our notice without a word of warm commendation of the illustrations to this very interesting volume.

## TWO BOOKS ON FISHING.\*

A CAREFUL study of Mr. Wells's book would go some way towards making a man a complete angler for trout with the artificial fly, but not in British waters. It is written by an American for Americans, and it treats of fishing in American lakes and rivers. Everything is on a big scale in America, and the trout form no exception to the rule. Mr. Wells speaks of trout up to two and even two and a half pounds as small fish. He tells us of fish over nine pounds in weight which have been caught, and of monsters far above that weight which have been lost. What a magnificent dish of fish every angler could produce if he could only collect the fish he has lost! That they far exceed in size any that he brings home is one of the many phenomena of fishing.

The disquisitions on fish-hooks, lines, reels, and rods (we name them in the same order as the author, for he rightly holds that the hook is the most important article, inasmuch as all the rest are useless without it) are extremely useful and very interesting. One cannot help admiring the rare thoroughness which the author shows in all the subjects of which he treats. To take the case of hooks, he endeavours to demonstrate by diagrams upon scientific principles at what angle the bend should be so as to secure the best holdfast and the most likely hitch. The amount of information brought to bear upon a subject which, although of much importance to anglers, is very much neglected, is truly astonishing, and the same earnestness and completeness are shown throughout the book. No work that we have ever met with can at all compete with Mr. Wells's in elaboration and accuracy of detail. His account of the way silkworm gut is made is full of interest, and he speaks of the different species of silkworms as a man of knowledge. Nothing can well be more interesting, and can at the same time better illustrate Mr. Wells's thoroughness, than the curious experiments he made with a view of discovering how casting-lines and flies look to trout lying in the water beneath them, and what colour is the best for casting-lines. For these experiments we must refer the reader to the book. Mr. Wells has come to the conclusion that trout are very near-sighted, which is doubtless true; but whether or not the most ingenious experiments with the human eye afford any true indication of the appearances presented to fish lying in the water by silkworm gut and artificial flies may be doubted. One or two statements made by Mr. Wells are new to us. It is said that salt water is clearer than fresh, and that a very intelligent submarine diver said that a trout fly shown to him could be seen on the surface from a depth of fifty feet, and "he instanced a case where he was working on a wreck in sixty-five feet of water, when he easily read the name of the wreck schooner floating overhead, as well as the marks on the packing-cases as they were hoisted over its side." The same man also said that when sixty feet below the surface he had read the fine print of a Testament. It must be remembered that American sea-water is being spoken of, and it may be that there the sea-water is clearer than that of the lakes and rivers; but in these narrow seas it can hardly be so. The statements, however, of the diver, if true, go to show that, unless the range of the vision of fish is limited in other ways, it is not much interfered with by the depth of the water. One other statement by the same man is curious as bearing upon the question of fish having the sense of smell; we prefer to give it in Mr. Wells's own words:—"On one occasion he was at work on an asphaltum bed at the bottom of Cardenas Bay; the asphaltum was found between strata of white clay, which it was the custom to loosen by light blasting in order to facilitate the removal of the asphaltum. Worms occurred in this clay, of which the fishes of the vicinity were very fond. Holding one of these worms between his fingers and stirring up the clay until the water was so turbid that his hand was quite invisible, he could feel the fishes rubbing against his fingers and tugging at this worm." Verily the Americans are an ingenious people, and their experiments are far in advance of any that are made or thought of in the Old World. Mr. Wells agrees with all other fishermen that fish do not hear, but that they are affected by the vibration produced by some noises.

Mr. Wells's observations on casting the fly are excellent, and as full and detailed as those on other subjects; but we hardly go with him in his recommendation to practise throwing on land at a piece of newspaper. This is beginning at the beginning indeed, and reminds us of a story of Clarke, the well-known slow bowler of a generation back. Clarke began cricket in middle life; and, being asked by a middle-aged enthusiast how he (Clarke) would advise him to begin to learn the game, replied, "If I was you, I should coot my nails." If Mr. Wells were asked by a friend how to begin fly-fishing, we suppose he would answer, throw at a piece of newspaper on the grass.

All the information in this book is useful until we come to the flies; but it may be doubted how far the "Parmacheene Belle" or the "Katoodle Bug" would prove a lure to the British trout. A fisherman, however, must be a man without prejudice, and must be ready to fish with the Katoodle or any other bug if it will catch fish. We cannot regard the author's acquaintance who fished with three hooks attached to his line, armed respectively with a mouse, a piece of salt pork, and a raisin, as competent to fish anywhere except in the waters attached to a lunatic asylum.

\* *Fly-rods and Fly-tackle.* By Henry P. Wells. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

*The Angler and the Loop-rod.* By David Webster. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1885.



Mr. Wells himself is a true sportsman, and fishes with nothing but the artificial fly. On the subject of flies he says:—

A very few varieties, probably not over seven or eight at the outside, will answer every purpose, and any increase in this respect is useless lumber, always provided, however, that the angler fishes in but one locality. I know many writers have expressed the same view before me, but always, as far as I can recollect, without this, as it seems to me, all-important proviso. It by no means follows, nor is it the fact, that the flies which kill in one State will be equally efficient in another. In almost every water some one fly will for a time prove superior. How long this will last no man can tell. It may be for years, and it may be for a single season, or for but a few days, or even for a single occasion only. The form and colours of these are by no means invariably a copy of any natural insect then upon the waters. Not only may it differ from these, but it may be quite unlike anything known to the most profound in bug-lore. Indeed, I am inclined to think the latter is far more frequently the case. But, conceding for the sake of argument that trout are as discriminating as an entomologist in reference to form and colour, how can we deny their utter ignorance of or indifference to the manner in which winged insects comport themselves upon the water? Discarding for a moment the enthusiasm with which we all regard everything pertaining to the art, and descending to the basis of cold fact, who ever saw a real insect light upon the water and then rush across it with the energy of a broker's clerk seeking to make a delivery when the hand of the clock is but an hairbreadth from the hour which will mark his default?

This extract might be better expressed, and we could dispense with the simile of the broker's clerk. To most Englishmen, also, the reference to those who are profound in "bug-lore" will be unintelligible. It seems a pity that Americans have not found a more euphonious name for their insects. But in the passage just quoted Mr. Wells has touched on a subject which agitates most fishermen, and upon which there is a great divergence of opinion, and that is whether the trout takes the arrangement of feathers, which we call an artificial fly, for a real insect, either alive or dead, or whether, being on the look-out for food, he sees something floating down the stream which looks edible, and seizes it to see what it is like. A great deal is to be said on both sides, and we might almost say that the angling world was divided in opinion, were it not the fact that many devoted to the sport have not made up their minds on the subject, or believe in both theories and put both into practice. On the one side we have Ronald's *Fly-fisher's Entomology*, with diagrams of the natural insects and their imitations side by side, and those fishermen who put their trust in that work; we have also the fishermen in Hampshire streams and their like, who fish for individual trout, and who, we believe, never or rarely use anything but the likeness of the natural fly; and, lastly, the high authority of Mr. David Webster, whose book we notice below. On the other, there is the fact that no one ever dreams of fishing for any of the salmon tribe with any imitation of an insect, and that in loch-fishing, in Scotland and elsewhere, the flies are not the likeness of anything. Then there are many so-called "fancy" flies in common use. There is a fly, called in Wales the coch-y-bonddu, and something like it in Devonshire called the red palmer, which is a hackle fly tied what is called "buzz" fashion, i.e. to imitate a small beetle, which appears for a short time in June, when flying. That any trout ever took this piece of cock's feather for a flying-beetle we do not believe, nor is there any palmer or hairy caterpillar at all like it, even if trout take hairy caterpillars, which we doubt; but this fly will catch fish, almost everywhere, at all times of the year. There are many puzzles about fishing, and the habits of fish are inscrutable, but there is no puzzle so difficult to solve as the reason fish have for trying to eat artificial flies. The true solution probably lies, as in many other cases, between the two extreme opinions. Trout take some artificial flies because they look something like natural ones floating down the stream, and others from mere curiosity, intending to eject them if they do not prove palatable. Trout have great powers of ejection, and the writer remembers making some experiments in the feeding of some in a small stream, where he could see them without being seen. Sometimes they would take everything that was thrown to them, immediately ejecting with a good deal of force what did not suit their taste. Finally, no one interested in fishing can read Mr. Will's book without advantage, but fishing is no more to be taught by books than fencing, riding, or cricket. It requires a long apprenticeship by the river-side, years of careful observation, untiring patience, a quick eye, and a ready hand. Unless a man has these qualifications, he may fish a good deal and read many books, but he will never make a fisherman.

*The Angler and the Loop-rod* is a learned and workmanlike book on fishing. The author treats us to no anecdotes, there are no stories of tremendous struggles with gigantic fish under every possible difficulty, no gossip, no conversations with gillies and keepers; he keeps strictly to his subject, and no fisherman, we will venture to say, can read his book without learning something. Of the advantage of a spliced rod over one made in the usual manner with a ferule and socket there can hardly be a doubt, but we are not equally certain about the loop-line. Where this kind of line is used, there is a loop fastened to the top of the rod to which the line is attached. It follows that there are no rings and no reel; and, although there may be some advantages in throwing, as Mr. Webster asserts, with this kind of line, we think this is more than compensated for by the power of lengthening or shortening the line at will which is given by a reel-line; in playing a good fish, it is most disadvantageous to be unable to shorten the line, and a fisherman suffers the tortures of Tantalus when he sees a likely place which he cannot reach in consequence of not being able to lengthen his line.

Mr. Webster, as we have hinted above, is strongly in favour of

flies for trout which are as close an imitation as possible of the real insect; he gives a very good list of flies for different seasons, and some excellent diagrams. He discards hackle flies altogether; all his have wings, and are intended to be as close a representation of Ephemerida as can be made. Mr. Webster spends many pages in arguing his favourite theory and combating that of Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell and others who are on the other side, but he admits that when the real insect is on the water in any quantity it is almost useless to try imitations; in short, when the trout see the real thing and the sham side by side they are not to be deceived. The question is, Are they often deceived by the sham? Do they not, when they see something floating down a river which looks something like an insect, take it on speculation? Mr. Webster gives excellent advice on fishing for salmon, sea-trout, grayling, and pike, and much information is to be picked up from his pages, but his theme is trout-fishing. Like a true fisherman he advocates fishing up-stream, of the advantages of which there ought not to be two opinions. The truth is that fishing down-stream is much the easiest method of the two—wading up a large river is very hard work, and if the wind is blowing down it is almost impossible to fish up, whether wading or fishing from the bank. The prevailing winds in these islands are westerly and southerly, and therefore fishing down any river which has a northerly or easterly course is very frequently a necessity. Mr. Webster by no means confines his advice and information to flies; he discusses minnow, worm, and grub fishing with the intelligence that much experience has given him. It is hardly possible to be otherwise than grateful to one who will so freely impart his knowledge, gained after many years of toil, which doubtless was a pleasure, and much risk of rheumatism.

#### HILTON'S CHRONOGRAMS CONTINUED.\*

MR. HILTON is doubtless a happy man. He has an object in life; and all authorities agree that to have an object is in the highest degree conducive to happiness. Those who have read that charming story, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, will remember how a blasé fashionable and his wife found occupation and interest in travelling over Europe in search of all the varieties of cheap match-boxes. We are not sure that we should not find this more amusing than our present author's quest; but every one to his taste. Mr. Hilton has invented the *chasse au chronogramme*; and, if the quarry seems hardly worth the pursuit, the same may be said of many long-established and highly-admired forms of the chase. He has been travelling in Western Germany, "where, led by the interest I take in my subject, and the excitement incident to its pursuit, I made it a part of my occupation to search for chronograms, as I had done in former years in other parts of Europe." The pursuit has its joys and its sorrows. The hunter was happy in discovering in the Frankfurt town-library a "most rare" book which had been vainly sought for in the British Museum, in Paris, Brussels, and Leyden, and far and wide among booksellers at home and abroad—*Militia Immaculatae Conceptionis Virginis Marie*, by Peter de Alva y Astorga (Louvain, 1663)—which is full of anagrams on the words of the Angelic Salutation and similar themes; also of chronograms, mostly of the date (1662) of publication of the Bull of Pope Alexander VII. on the Immaculate Conception. Of these a large number, it appears, were the work of a blind man, who may be excused for so spending his time. This, as we have said, was a rare find of Mr. Hilton's. He was not always so lucky. The foreign system of cataloguing did not lend itself readily to purposes of discovery; in the churches the restoration fiend, who in Germany is especially fond of paint, was busy be-daubing over the ancient chronogrammatic inscriptions, or at least hiding them with scaffolding; and, sad to tell, the town of Fulda, once "highly distinguished in chronogrammatic literature," now could show only two specimens of the art, on monuments in the cathedral. "The town," writes Mr. Hilton pathetically, "has the appearance of the decay of past and gone princely splendour and ecclesiastical dignity, while chronogrammatic spirit is almost totally absent." The age is degenerate. "The modern race of men do not as a rule understand chronograms, and grieve not at their destruction." Nevertheless, he hopes that there may yet be other travellers to "follow up a similar path of research," and to take copies of all chronogrammatic inscriptions ere the paint-brush of the restorer passes over them. He himself, by hook or by crook, at home or abroad, in churches, halls, or books, has collected sufficient to fill this second bulky and handsome volume. It is illustrated by reproductions of old title-pages, frontispieces, &c., of which the most delightfully quaint is one representing the Emperor Charles VI., and his son Leopold, a babe in swaddling-clothes, carried on a pillow by no less a man than Prince Eugene, and invested with the cordon of the Golden Fleece, hung about where his waist would be if he had any. The poor child did not live out the twelvemonth—probably the swaddling-clothes and the Golden Fleece, and all the chronograms made upon the blessed year of his birth (1716), were too much for him. It was his fortune that his natal year could be expressed in "one of the few words which happen to be entirely chronogrammatic," DILVCVLVM, which combines the numerals to make up 1716 with

\* Chronograms continued and concluded, more than 5,000 in number: a Supplement-Volume to Chronograms published in the year 1882. By James Hilton, F.S.A. London: Elliot Stock. 1885.

the signification of "the dawning day," a neatly-turned compliment.

This example may serve to remind readers what a chronogram is—for it is possible that some of them may have forgotten this, though it is only three years since Mr. Hilton published his former volume. In the specimen just given every letter is numeral. But there would soon be an end of chronogrammatic ingenuity if non-numeral letters were prohibited. Here is a specimen of the longer kind of chronogram, and not a bad one, relative to the reverses sustained in 1685 by the Turks on the Danube and the Drave, where many of them were drowned:—

Christianus loquitur:

Turca respondet:

I TURCA, ISTRUM EDEBE;—SAT VALIDÈ EXHAUSI=1685.

By adding up the numeral letters, as the reader will see if he takes the trouble, the date is arrived at. Upon this "program" the ingenious author, William vanden Eede, a Jesuit at Brussels, further composed eleven "chron-anagrams," all conveying the same date; but we do not feel vigorous enough to explain the nature of a chron-anagram. There is also a fearful invention called a "Labyrinth," which must be very bad for the eyes, and which has such a look of Abracadabra and the Black Art that we should have thought it hurtful to the soul were it not that we find the blind chronogrammatist already mentioned made a labyrinth "in laudem Beatissimæ Virginis"—no small feat for a blind man, who is said to have composed "solâ memorie vi." Seven hundred and six anagrams and two hundred and sixty-one chronograms, all on the same theme, were the result of the labours of this pious votary of Our Lady, "D. Joannes Bapt. Agnensis," who appears to have been a Corsican. His address to his heavenly patroness, playing with mournful ingenuity on the ideas of spiritual light and bodily darkness, is touching in its quaint way. We note that in his second anagram, as here given, there is an obvious error, *amari* for *amati*, which is demanded both by the sense and for anagrammatic reasons. Mr. Hilton frankly invites corrections by placing at the end of his book this seventeenth-century distich:—

Corrige quæ lector passim hic errata videbis,  
Nam toto libro plurima inesse scio.

Chronograms in the Roman alphabet, where only certain letters are numerals, have the advantage of being intelligible even if printed wholly in small letters. In the Hebrew, Arabic, and Greek alphabets all the letters are numerals, which necessitates the use of larger characters to mark the intended date words or letters. Nevertheless, Hebrew writers have long had a great fondness for chronograms, and Mr. Hilton has found a specimen dating a MS. as early as A.D. 1208. Dutch and Flemish chronogrammatists have a bad habit of ignoring the use of the Roman letter D=500. One author, De Weerd, became aware that this was a vicious practice, and accordingly took the trouble to recast and re-issue nearly all his chronograms. Possessors of Mr. Hilton's former volume, in which De Weerd's chronograms were given in their original form, may now compare them with the amended version which appears in the present volume. Our own dear country turned out a fair amount of chronogrammatic work, but nothing equal to what was done abroad. Mr. Hilton speaks of "the limited extent of chronogram-making in this country at the time when scholars on the Continent were much devoted to the art, and carried it to such a state of excellence as was never reached in the universities or elsewhere in England." Upon this, the irreverent will probably remark that Englishmen had something better to do. But "the art" has begun to be practised again since the appearance of Mr. Hilton's first volume. No less than three complimentary chronograms on the date of that work have reached him. One disciple has made a treble chronogram, Latin and English, for a summer-house built for five-o'clock tea. Others—Latin—have been placed in mission-rooms and chapels, we suppose for the edification of the vulgar. Others, again, have been composed to date the building or the restoration of a church. In one case a clergyman built a fernery out of the profits of his tracts on the deceased wife's sister—here we must pause to marvel at the astounding fact that the value of a fernery could be got out of the deceased wife's sister question, and on the side of orthodoxy too. Upon this were made two chronograms, in Latin and the vernacular, of which we cite the English one, which is so "pleasant-conceited" as to be quite worthy of the seventeenth century. It should be explained that the clergyman's initials are J. E. V., and that he is a bachelor:—

MY LATE VWIFE'S SISTER BVILT THIS VVALL  
BVLT I IN TRVTH  
NEVER VVED ANY VWIFE AT ALL,  
NOR VVONT FORSOOTH,  
SAITH J. E. V.

—1884

"This," says Mr. Hilton, speaking of the chronogram revival generally, "is encouraging; and we are led to hope that this method of expressing dates will become as popular in our time as it was in time past." At the risk of hurting Mr. Hilton's feelings—most decidedly we hope *not*. We would not indeed altogether prohibit such scholarly trifling. It may grace a fire-o'clock tea in a summer-house; and modestly placed in some corner of a church, it may convey a pious sentiment with old-world felicity and quaintness, and leave a pleasing impression of learned leisure. But do not let us have it intruding upon title-pages, and forcing us to crack the thick shell of a chronogram when we want to get at the kernel of a date with as little trouble as may be. We appeal to all the praiseworthy persons now looking out

quotations for the New English Dictionary, and anxious to give correct references, to say how much their labour would be increased if all books were dated in chronograms.

Mr. Hilton warns us that "it is not safe to rely on" chronograms or anagrams "for support to any religious dogma," and that "the use of acrostics as weapons in religious controversy is very unsafe." For example, an erudite Christian, "by means of an acrostical application of initial letters," found the doctrine of the Trinity in a single word in the first verse of Genesis. Thereupon an erudite Jew, by a similar process, extracted from the self-same word an explicit condemnation of Christianity. The number of the Beast, 666, is to be found in Papal titles, in ΕΚΚΛΗΣΙΑ ΙΤΑΙΚΑ, in the name of Luther in Hebrew letters, in LVVVLS PFCARDVLS ("Id est Calvinus," a native of Picardy), in VVILL LAVD (William Laud, whom Mr. Hilton unkindly calls "the notorious Archbishop of Canterbury"). No doubt this last chronogram was known to the author, or authors, of the Cavalier squib, "The Assembly-man" (1647), when they wrote of the Westminster divines, "Of late they are much in love with chronograms, because (if possible) they are duller than anagrams; O how they have torn the poor bishops' names to pick out the number 666!" In this squib is also anticipated Macaulay's computation of the House of Commons as containing the accursed number.

#### FOUR NOVELS.\*

MR. SINNETT is already favourably known in the world of mirth by his serious works in psychological philosophy. As a professed writer of fiction he is less amusing. This is a pity, for his sake and ours. But there is a very good reason for the falling away. To say absurd things with a solemn face is the perfection of fooling. And this Mr. Sinnett managed to do, without even the appearance of effort, in his earlier performances. More comical creations than the company of Himalayan adepts it would be hard to imagine. But to the author of *The Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism* they were not comical at all. He believed in them, if no one else did. Whether, from their contemplative heights in unknown regions of Tibet, they revealed the truth as it is in Buddha or wafted welcome teacups to Theosophical picnics, they are still, in the eyes of the faithful student of the mysteries, ineffably august and kind. As a public entertainer, we maintain Mr. Sinnett has put himself deliberately at a disadvantage by admitting, on his title-page, that the stuff he offers is romance. Apart from that, the characters in his novel are not nearly so droll as those which figure in his philosophy. The Baron in a frock-coat who does the occult business in *Karma* is a dull creature compared with our old friend Koot Hoomi. But it is only by contrast with his former self that the author can be said to fail in absurd effects. The desperate seriousness of the underlying purpose appears through the thin veneer of fiction. And, as we have remarked, when Mr. Sinnett is in earnest he always succeeds in moving mirth. The work is eminently didactic in aim. It is the "Joyce's Scientific Dialogues" of the Theosophical persuasion. But, dealing as it does with the supreme secrets of existence, the dialogue is conducted in an unctuous strain which would be out of place when only the forces known to vulgar physics are to be explained. Mr. Sinnett has studied to much advantage the mannerisms and methods of revival meetings. The persons of his story relate "experiences"—they talk with the fullest flavour of cant about the period of awakening, of doubt, of inquiry, of full assurance and rest in believing. We say the persons of the story; for there is, in fact, a story, though of the dullest kind that has ever been padded out into two volumes. And there are persons also, as a brief analysis will show. Baron von Mondstern, who is the great medicine man of the tale, is owner of a delightful castle on the Rhine. But for reasons known to himself and the spirit world he has chosen to become for a while the wonder of a London season. According to Miss Lucy Vaughan, "You may say anything in the world to him without drawing him on." Miss Lucy Vaughan ought to be a judge in these matters, for, as she remarked to her mother, "You never can tell what people are like without giving them little opportunities." In justice to the young lady we must add that she draws people on "only a little, little way, mamma dear." This unsusceptible Baron, however, thinks well enough of a certain Mrs. Miller to instal her in his Castle of Heiligenfels to act in his absence as hostess to an autumn party of "people who had shown some intelligent leaning to and inquiry into psychic matters." The perfection of Mrs. Miller's own critical faculty appears from one instance of personal experience which she relates:—"I've put down a musical-box of my own on my dressing-table in one room; I've gone straight into another room and shut the door, and that box has been brought to me five minutes after without the door ever being opened. What does it matter to me that we were in the dark? It was in the light when I left my box in my bedroom in a room by myself and came away." No, no. There's no deceiving Mrs. Miller. A lady who describes things so lucidly can hardly be wrong about her inferences from facts. The party of reverential inquirers was an interesting one.

\* *Karma*. By A. P. Sinnett. London: Chapman & Hall. 1885.

*Between Midnight and Dawn*. By Ina L. Cassilis. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1885.

*Anthony Fairfax*. A Novel. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1885.

*Nell Fraser*. A Novel. By E. Iles. London: J. & R. Maxwell. 1885.



It comprised a misshapen, dyspeptic journalist, who very properly doubts whether "on the physical plane" things are ordered for the best; a pleasant handsome young fellow who for some inscrutable reason is sworn brother of the gloomy man of the pen; a Professor of dubious antecedents who acts as scientific assessor, and sees that things are done on system and in a serious spirit; a marvellous "boy in jackets" who fills up odd moments with reading the Bhagavat Gita in the original Sanscrit; Mrs. Lakesby, a medium of the giggling kind; Miss Vaughan, with her magnificent physique and her fancy for drawing people on; and Mrs. Miller's husband "Jem," who is introduced to show fun as a Philistine, and is the only tolerable person of the lot. The occult business begins early. The Baron is seen walking upstairs at Helligenfels long before he has left his elegantly furnished chambers in London town. But that is a trifle to what happens when he comes. "He lifted his hand and made a gesture in the direction of the window, and the pane of glass selected was shattered as if a bullet had been fired through it." Fortunately for the comfort of his guests he had a praiseworthy dislike to manifestations of gifts which, if carried too far, might easily have become unpleasant. Just, however, to show what he can do, he takes the disciples out to the woods. After the proper preliminary hocus-pocus to prove that there was no deception, he "slowly lifted up both hands above his head, and, remaining in that attitude for a few seconds, swept them forward with a commanding gesture towards the tree. . . . The tree bent before the influence—whatever it was—that had been poured out against it, and then with a mighty tearing crash broke a few feet above the roots and fell heavily to the ground." The conscientious catalogue of the varied emotions ascribed to the spectators shows how differently "occult power in excelsis" will affect different natures. There is a fine reserve about Mr. Sinnett. Wonders of this kind might have been multiplied *ad libitum*; but he is content with this. To be sure there are plenty of other marvels; but only of this occasion is it recorded that Mrs. Miller "frankly screamed" or the Professor confessed to being "mentally overcome." The episode of Mr. Merland's love affair is a fair sample of the whole story. After due reflection he decides upon making Miss Vaughan his partner in pursuit of the occult life. He is alone with her in the conservatory. He finds her "too splendid a creature to be talked to in measured tones any more." "Miss Vaughan," he begins. "Lucy," he resumes after an interval, "you glory of the world! Come what may, let me live upon the thought of having kissed you!" To provide the material for this sustaining reflection he "embraces her." Then he kneels. Again the voice is heard, "Lucy!" But it is the voice of her mother. "She had not time to answer," said Mr. Merland shortly after, as he reviewed the facts of the situation with the sympathizing Baron, and then he went on to remark in a fine judicial spirit how "hard it was that a third person should intervene." We may spare the reader unnecessary pangs by saying that later on Mr. Merland had an opportunity of resuming the broken thread of his discourse, that Miss Vaughan was kind, and that the stephanotis which at the first attempt he was about to present to her was wafted from spirit regions to his fingers as he knelt for the renewal of the rite. His melancholy friend has his usual luck. Half the second volume records his raptures at recovering what passes as the love of a girl who jilted him once. But the Professor, who, it turns out, tempted her to the first flight, reappears to point out to her that he is the man she really cares for. Her heart tells her that this is so; and as the Professor's wife has meanwhile taken proceedings for a divorce, there is no impediment to the union of these two disreputable souls. Nothing remains for the ever-unfortunate Annerly save to find refuge from the miseries of mundane existence in the pursuit of the Higher Wisdom. The express bears him away pathetically from the gaze of his lamenting friends. Whither? Ah, who can say? Perhaps to the company of Himalayan sages; perhaps to write paragraphs for the *New York Herald*. It matters little to those who rightly apprehend the Law of Karma.

But what is the Law of Karma? It is "the law of the conservation of energy on the moral and spiritual planes of nature." If this admirably simple definition fails to elucidate the "supremely important principle" which plays the title-role in the piece, we may perhaps be allowed to explain for the benefit of the weaker sort that it is the Theosophical form of the honest Buddhist doctrine of transmigration of souls. To get sanction in Sanscrit for the buffooneries of nineteenth-century spiritualism is the end of Mr. Sinnett's ambition. The characters that are not vulgar and flippant are at great pains to insist on the "immensely elevated character of the mysteries." "The highest psychic doctrine," we are told, "seems to carry us back to some of the most elementary doctrines of religion." Nor are we surprised to learn that for the acquisition of the higher knowledge "a higher sort of understanding" is needed. "Re-incarnation is the clue to a great many of the mysteries of life." "The inequalities of welfare will be supplied with a moral justification. For every man is born to a fate which he has earned for himself." Cold comfort this, we are afraid, for our poor friend Annerly. But then the new cult is not recommended to people who want to enjoy life. "The pursuit of occult wisdom" implies "the total renunciation of every sort of happiness." This may be so; but incidentally the record of experiences shows that there may be rare fun for the neophytes. Merland, for instance, after the *contretemps* in the conservatory, takes an aerial flight to a mountain-top in company with a "dignified stranger," who, like

himself, is "out of the body." "A sublime sort of exaltation" is always to be obtained by subscribers at the shortest notice. "Flying souls" are quite common objects in Mr. Sinnett's universe. Why people that are "once in the astral form" should ever come back to their corporeal frames is not explained. "Teach me to get out of my body" is the fervent cry of the awakened but still imprisoned soul. "I knew him out of his body before I knew him in it" is the account of one of the friendships chronicled in *Karma*. There are limitations, of course, to the use which a well-bred spirit will make of this delicious faculty of flight. Even Mrs. Lakesby, the medium, with a delicacy for which no superficial observer would have given her credit, declares that "there is no interest in poking about among other people's rooms in your astral body." "It's taking a mean advantage," says this accomplished expert. Scruples of this kind, however, do not apply to life in ancient Rome. The description which the clairvoyante gives of the visions in which she is rapt are conscientious to a fault. The elaboration of the classical details in strict conformity with the articles (*q.v.*) in Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities* is artistically set off by the lady's childlike delight in the unknown wonders she beholds. As to the scientific deductions, there was not absolute unanimity or certainty of opinion. But the general sense was that Annerly and Merland were the leading figures in these *tableaux vivants* of Mrs. Lakesby's trance. At any rate, there was enough to point the essential moral—"Every man is the product of his past lives. The forces set in operation during these impel the immortal part into the channels of evolution in which he travels, and even the accident of birth is only a consequence in disguise." Annerly—like the rest of us—is unceasingly employed in "working off his old Karma and developing a new one."

There is, we ought to perhaps add, no warrant for the belief that Mr. Sinnett is poking fun at his readers or consciously making light of the mysteries. About the characters and the story we have said enough; but it remains to remark that the work as a whole, in spite of its absurdities, is one which only an able, ingenious, and courageous man could have written.

The demand for spiritualism as a staple of fiction is apparently on the increase. The supernatural furnishes Miss Cassilis also with her raw material; and, unlike the supernatural in Mr. Sinnett's hands, it really has some intelligible connexion with her plot. There is a difference, to be sure, between the methods of the two artists. Miss Cassilis may be a believer, for anything we know; but her main purpose is to tell a thrilling tale. She does not refer us to ancient Hindoo ascetics for a solution of the riddle of the universe. The good old-fashioned belief in second-sight and spectral appearances is enough for her. As to her book, it is no better and no worse than scores of others of the same kind which Mr. Hugh Conway's fatal success has called into being. A lady of exquisite beauty and singular gifts is married to a man quite unworthy of her. They live sumptuously somewhere in the Midlands, and their friends either are or pretend to be eminently aristocratic. Every one will admit that the husband was an ill-conditioned and unmannerly person. To make amends there appears a barrister, who, "though not a Comtist," has written in the *Quarterly* in defence of spiritualism. As the lady is endowed with what Mr. Sinnett would call "beautiful magnetism," close relations of sympathy spring up. Their principles, however, are exemplary; and, though the barrister occasionally embraces and once kisses her, he protests to himself vigorously afterwards that he will persist in doing nothing compromising. Virtue is rewarded with exemplary despatch. The brute of a husband goes to some races, and on his way back is murdered. The wife meantime has seen it all, in deathlike trance, "between midnight and dawn." The disadvantage of enjoying this interesting privilege is presently to appear. For it turns out that, while one form—undoubtedly hers—was lying inanimate in her boudoir, another form—identified as hers—was present at the murder. She is suspected, arrested, tried. But the jury are men of sense; and, having heard from a medical witness that these duplicated appearances are by no means uncommon, acquit her. The barrister lover has, we need hardly say, conducted the defence. Subsequently he has the good fortune to bring guilt home to a rival admirer, who, every friend of county families will be pleased to find, was a disreputable adventurer, without the smallest claim to gentility. The marriage with the right man follows. "The darkness is folding itself like a mantle around the two forms. But they have not moved yet. And in their lives shadows will yet come"—and so on in the orthodox style of ending.

It is a relief to turn from all this mystical trash to an honest tale of simple life. In *Anthony Fairfax* a "New Writer" tells an old story, and tells it very much in the old way. The hero was found guilty once upon a time of an offence of which he was innocent, and, Sir William Harcourt not being Home Secretary in those days, had the further misfortune to serve out his sentence. Meanwhile he succeeds in the most unlooked-for way to a pleasant estate. As squire he tries to do his duty, but, as can easily be believed, does it under difficulties. It says much for the simplicity of country folk that he kept his secret so long, but at last the truth comes out, an unscrupulous rival having managed to extract it from the drunken loquacity of a Radical workman who had been kind to Fairfax in the evil time, and whom Fairfax, most indiscreetly, it must be owned, had out of gratitude installed as his lodge-keeper. In the meanwhile the poor hero had been subjected to most exquisite tortures. He has been in love and all but engaged to one pretty girl, but the story of his imprisonment

puts an end to that dream. This enables him to fall in love a second time with the Vicar's daughter, who the dullest eyes could perceive was from the first the author's "nomination" for the prize. In spite of "the cloud of shame" and so forth, Bee feels that she "could really care a little for him." But we are well on towards the end of the third volume before she says so, and "lifts up her head" and "looks at him." Then follows what always follows. "He drew her to him, all his passionate worship in the gaze he bent upon her, and kissed her." But directly after "a heavy cloud darkened his face." While the cloud is being got out of the way, Fairfax, with perhaps a superfluous regard for honour, goes once again on his solitary travels. The penitent Radical has the good luck to overhear something which at once and for ever vindicates oppressed innocence. There is a meeting, and a marriage. "If it depends on me, you shall be happy," says Bee. "But I want you to be more than solemnly happy; you must be bright, too." The reader will share Bee's desire. Fairfax's demeanour is throughout vastly more lugubrious than the depressing circumstances of his history warranted, and in his liveliest mood he is but poor company. But a sweeter little personage than Bee has never appeared in fiction. Good, but not mawkishly good, brave, though not on the heroic scale, she carries with her an atmosphere of light and love that brightens the dullest passages in this tale. A work which professes to be by "a New Writer" challenges a definite judgment. There are good things in it; one or two of the situations are striking; here and there are shrewd remarks. In fine, had the rapid and tedious passages been excised, there would have remained enough to make a wholesome and vigorous story in one volume.

There is a second title to *Nell Fraser*, though, oddly enough, it does not appear on the title-page. Even if it were not on the cover and elsewhere the reader would still have no difficulty in discovering what it is. For the author, like an over-conscientious actor in a charade, insists on bringing in the catchword, "Thorough Respectability," in nearly every page. Nell Fraser was brought up by a Bohemian father, whose early death left her to the care of thoroughly respectable relations. Meanness, bad temper, frigidity, and pomposity were the outward and visible signs of gentility among these singularly disagreeable people. Nell rebels against her surroundings, and, we are bound to say, carries revolt to an extent which would shock persons whose respectability was only mediocre. She has her chances of happiness, but rejects them, as the manner of wayward heroines is, and finally marries a person of unimpeachable respectability and priggishness. How so strait-laced a gentleman ever managed the usual business of love-making is a puzzle; but the book records at some length that he did it. His sisters were, if possible, more respectable than Nell's own kinsfolk, and, no doubt, tried poor Nell's temper very sorely. But she co-operates in her own wretchedness by "taking up" on her own account a set of vulgar faddists, who, pleasing as they were to her, would be to ordinary tastes rather less endurable than the cousins and sisters-in-law. In this precious society she met the man of whom she had once said, "If he held out his hand to me and said, 'Nell, I want you,' I would follow him to the end of the world." He did not, as it happened, hold out his hand; but her husband, who had contracted a habit of playing the spy on her movements, took note of the new friendship. Then came the crisis. Nell, standing on her rights as mistress of the house, is ordered off to bed by her husband at the suggestion of the sister. She leaves her home that night. For a time she is lost to sight, and is discovered at last by one of her early lovers, a young clergyman, who in a fine spirit of duty seeks her out to bring her to the bedside of her dying husband. So far the story is extravagant enough; but there are fine touches. The scene in which Nell bids her husband good-bye is described with discretion and effect, and the softening effect of sorrow on his disposition towards her is delicately portrayed; but the end spoils all. Nell, left a widow, pursues with her love the man for whom she had conceived her first desperate affection. Her attempt to poison him and her own dearest friend, who had won his affections, is simply farcical in its melodramatic intensity. Irresistibly comic is the picture of her preparations for suicide, the stealthy approach of her clerical lover, and the clutch at her skirts which saved her life and her character. For it turns out that all these seeming crimes were symptoms of incipient brain-fever. When she recovers, the worthy young clergyman marries her, thus proving himself in every sense the hero of the romance. Merit in works of art must always be comparative. In spite of its faults *Nell Fraser* is decidedly the most lively and entertaining of the four books it has been our duty to review.

#### THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR INDIA.\*

THE amiable and gracious spirit, which is one of the chief charms of modern English Radicalism, has displayed itself in very noteworthy fashion towards Professor Vambéry. He quotes at the end of his present volume some agreeable epistles which have reached him in private from Englishmen—or at any rate from persons living in England. We saw ourselves but a very short time ago, in a newspaper from which better things might have been expected, a notice of the present volume, in which the author was spoken of as "Vambéry" tout court, and

the whole tone of which was rather that of a Radical member of Parliament who had tried to make himself an authority on India and failed, than of an English journalist who respected the decent traditions of his craft. Of course it may be granted that Professor Vambéry is a festering thorn in the sides of our Russophiles and scuttlers. He speaks as one having authority, and he does not speak things at all pleasant to their ears. He puts the simple historical truth about Central Asia with the advantage of speaking neither as a Russian nor as an Englishman. He has the horribly annoying quality of having been right in all his prophecies. So they don't like him at all, and they try to impress on the British public that he was not in Central Asia very long, that it is twenty years and more since he was there, and that Hungarians do not like Russians because of the events of 1848-9. Now it would be idle to take very much trouble in meeting these objections *seriatim*. We shall grant very heartily that the political arguer is never to be poohpoohed merely on the ground that he "has not been there"; but we can hardly admit it as a permanent disqualification that he has. As for the time that has elapsed since Professor Vambéry was at Samarcand or at Herat, that would be more to the point if the said time had not witnessed a continuous and unceasing progress of Russia in the direction in which M. Vambéry said she would progress, and in which some at least of his decriers said she would not. But in regard to this, and in regard to the other testimonies against character which have been produced, certain words of the late George Borrow's (who always recurs to the mind when one is talking of M. Vambéry) come very pat. "The goodness of ale," said Borrow to an old Welsh woman, "does not so much depend on who brews it as on what it is brewed of." The importance of M. Vambéry's testimony against Russia does not nearly so much depend on what M. Vambéry's antecedents, nationality, &c. &c. may be, as on whether what he says is fact or is not fact.

That it is fact very few of M. Vambéry's detractors who have knowledge and speak with any sense of responsibility are likely to deny, and this of itself makes it unnecessary to criticize *The Coming Struggle for India* as a book setting forth more unfamiliar truths should be criticized. Little that is in it will be new to readers of the *Saturday Review*. But even they may be grateful for its view of the constant advance of Russia during the last quarter of a century—an advance which is made more evident here by an ingeniously coloured map. It is almost a sufficiently startling reminder of the facts to those who have forgotten—a quite sufficiently startling intimation of them to those who do not know them—that within the memory of men scarcely past middle life the question was not whether Russian or English influence should prevail in Afghanistan, but whether Russian or English influence should prevail in Bokhara. The result was, as the result has always been, the triumph of the less scrupulous, more irresponsible, and more constantly active of the two Powers. To put it in another form, for more than thirty years before 1863 the frontiers of Russia in Central Asia hardly advanced an inch, and were separated by vast regions from the frontiers of India as held by England. In less than thirty years since 1863 those regions have been entirely swallowed up, and it is a question of practically continuous marches at one point, soon to be followed, as every man of sense, Russophile or Russophobe, knows, by the question, not which Power will advance further, but which will draw back.

Professor Vambéry, discreetly enough, touches little on purely military questions. But it is impossible that those questions should not present themselves to every intelligent reader of his book. To any such reader, and indeed to any one who has followed the course of events for himself, it is of course self-evident that no possible arrangement of difficulties about Zulicair, about Penj-deh, or about any other trifle, can be more than an armistice. The Russians did not transgress the line of the Oxus and annex profitless deserts without an object. They have not been haggling and equivocating about point after point for the last twenty years without an object. The more intelligent advocates of the backward policy have themselves abandoned the belief in a permanent *modus vivendi*. They profess at least (and no one has a right to question their honesty, however he may question their discretion) that all they wish is to confine the efforts of England to a practicable instead of an impracticable line of defence. The question then simply comes to this, What is the line of defence to be? On this point, as we have said, Professor Vambéry does not express himself very distinctly. But we may gather that his opinion is at one with what we believe is the opinion of the highest military authorities in India, that England cannot safely fix her line anywhere south of the Hindu Koosh. The advances of the last few years have, in the eyes of these authorities, rendered it nearly hopeless to defend Afghan Turkestan, and have made the defence (at any rate in the first place) of Herat very problematical. But by means of the arrangements now making for holding Pishin in force, with others for the extension of the defensive system to Candahar at short notice, it is believed that Afghanistan south of the central range may be held, the four great Indo-Afghan passes of the Khyber, the Kurun, the Gomul, and the Bolan made good, and the Russians exposed in case of their advancing on either to a dangerous and, with fair luck, probably destructive flank attack. The despondency of these authorities as to retaining the Afghan Turkomans independent of Russia does not usually extend further than Kunduz and Badakhshan, which lie north of the Hindu Koosh; and the possession of these territories would not of itself give Russia any additional facilities for the invasion

\* *The Coming Struggle for India*. By Arminius Vambéry. London: Cassell & Co. 1885.



of India. They would only smooth her way to the passes of the Kohi-Baba, and, these surmounted, the four great entrances into India remain to be forced just as much as by an army turning the main range from Herat. Of the mischievous "Indus line" policy, which has done such infinite harm in the past, there is, we believe, hardly a prominent partisan left out of a lunatic asylum in India. When the length of that line, the numerous points at which it can be broken, and the absence of check when it has been once crossed, are considered, it is impossible not to marvel that the veriest tiro in war should think of preferring it to the mountain barrier beyond, with its four distinct locks on which alone attention would have to be concentrated, and which, so long as the outmost line of all the Hindu Koosh was kept, could not be reached by Russia without exposing herself to the greatest danger.

As we write there are rumours, which Professor Vambéry could not know, to the effect that the long period of quasi-independence but real subjection which Bokhara has endured is to cease, and that it is to become in fact and name, as well as in fact or all but fact, a Russian province. This would not greatly facilitate the attack on India through Afghanistan. The Russians have already begun, and will before very long have completed, a nearer road to the south frontier of Bokhara and the line of the Upper Oxus than Bokhara herself can give them. The annexation of the kingdom of Samarcand, and the formation of military roads through it, would aim, not at the Khyber or any pass south thereof, but at the routes through Kafiristan and Little Tibet to Cashmere. Here, fortunately, it would seem that the fatal policy which has been pursued with such disastrous results further west is not to be repeated, at least till a fresh Government of scuttles comes in. Steps are being taken to confirm and extend where it exists, and to establish where at present it does not, English influence in the direction of Chitral and Yaghistan, both lying immediately to the south of the Hindu Koosh as it abuts upon Pamir. Nothing would probably be gained by proceeding beyond the Hindu Koosh in this direction, while there is not even the faintest pretext for Russian complaint in proceeding so far.

That the western end of the Hindu Koosh possesses nothing like the strategic value of the eastern end has long been known. But it is the only possible line left since the abandonment of the Oxus, and it gives opportunities for a coherent system of defence combined with retaliatory attack which (as there are the best reasons for believing) has been well studied and prepared by the Indian authorities. It is to this that it is now necessary to cling, and unsatisfactory as the circumstances may be that have led to it, it has at least one advantage. For the first time (for the Oxus was never a very real or practicable march except in parts) there is a definite line between Russia and India, the overstepping of which by the former can be, and should be, regarded as a simple and unmistakable *casus belli*. Of course the old tactics will be repeated. Of course there will be Russian explorers and wicked borderers making incursions on the harmless Russian outposts, and the like. But there will be considerably more difficulty in carrying out these little evolutions across a well-defined line into territory enjoying a definite status than there was in carrying them out in such a No Man's Land and chaos of undelimited boundaries and unrecognized chieftainships as the greater part of the Central Asian khanates and ameerdoms have hitherto been. It may be thought that the boldest and most satisfactory way out of the difficulty would be a British occupation of Herat; and there is much to be said for the view. But for such an occupation it is just now either too late or too early. Meanwhile, the Hindu Koosh gives a possible line, and a line which, with intelligent exertion and liberal, though not lavish, expenditure on the Indian side, may be made good. Perhaps it may even be made good until a return of good fortune may enable England to begin the return match in earnest against those who have, with the aid of the folly and supineness of her own rulers, tricked and bamboozled her in the past.

#### KALILAH AND DIMNAH.\*

ABOUT a year ago we had occasion to notice in these columns the publication of a later-Syriac version of the Indian Fables of Bidpai (*Sat. Rev.* for July 12, 1885). Of this work Professor Wright, the editor, gave a promise that an English translation should in due time follow, and we now hail its fulfilment in the goodly volume that Mr. Keith-Falconer has written for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press. Up to the present date English students of folklore unacquainted with Semitic languages, were unable to gain access to this renowned collection of stories, except through the very free translation made by Knatchbull in 1819 of the now notoriously defective Arabic text edited by De Sacy. In the present volume the English reader possesses a scholarly rendering of one of the later Eastern versions, followed by notes and reference tables showing the correspondences between this and other texts, the work being prefaced by a useful account of the literary history of these tales compiled from the

\* *Kalilah and Dimnah; or, the Fables of Bidpai: being an account of their literary history, with an English translation of the later Syriac version of the same.* By I. G. N. Keith-Falconer, M.A. Cambridge University Press, 1885.

dissertations which De Sacy, Benfey, Nöldeke, Guidi, and others have prefixed to their respective labours on the Indian fables.

As we took occasion to remark in the former article, Bidpai has probably had more readers in Europe than any other book, the Bible excepted. Sir Thomas North, the contemporary of Shakespeare, seems to have been the first to bring before Englishmen this collection of stories, that had already made the round of Europe, having been translated into Greek, Latin, Italian, Old Slavonic, Hebrew, Spanish, and German, and which shortly after his day appeared in Danish and Dutch. North's English rendering was first published in 1570, under the title of "The Morall Philosophie of Doni; drawne out of the auncient writers. A worke first compiled in the Indian tongue, and afterwards reduced into diuers other languages; and now lastly Englished out of Italian by Thomas North, Brother of the right Honourable Sir Roger North, Knight, Lord North of Kyrtheling."

The Italian version which North Englished was that of Doni, entitled *Moral Filosofia*, first printed at Venice in 1552, which last was direct in descent from the *Directorium* of John of Capua, the work that had so wide a popularity all over Christendom during the middle ages. This John of Capua was a converted Jew, who flourished during the latter part of the thirteenth century, and his Latin version is of special critical value for the reconstruction of the original text, being a slavish reproduction of a Hebrew translation from the Arabic, made prior to 1250 A.D., and ascribed to a certain Rabbi Joel, of whom, however, nothing is known but the name. Now the Arabic text, which has been the prolific parent of the innumerable versions current, not only in Europe, but also in modern Turkey, Persia, and India, and which (the old Syriac excepted) is the sole representative of the lost book, that Khosrû Nûshirvân sent his physician to India in order to procure and translate into Pehlevi, is unfortunately known in an edition by De Sacy which leaves much to be desired. For, in the first place, his text was compounded uncritically out of several MSS.; and, in the second, was for the most part based on a MS. which the labours of Guidi and Nöldeke have proved to be both inferior and defective. Hence the later-Syriac version, the work of a Syrian-Christian priest, and made directly from the Arabic during the tenth or eleventh century, is extremely important as shedding light on the original form of the Arabic *Kalilah wa Dimnah*. To quote the words of Mr. Keith-Falconer's excellent introduction:—

The Arabic text which the Syriac translator had before him must have been a better one than De Sacy's, because numbers of Guidi's extracts, which are not found at all in De Sacy's text, appear in their proper places in the later-Syriac. . . . Unfortunately, the translator was a bad one. He did not always understand the text before him . . . and he often gave a different turn to a passage in order to bring out a Christian sentiment. His ignorance of natural history has led him into other mistakes (e.g. he imagines that sea water is suitable for drinking). A regard for decency has led him to alter many of the coarse passages.

These stories, coming to us from India, are perhaps the only portion of Buddhist literature that has been completely acclimatized in Europe, and Islam, it is curious to note, has been the means of transmitting them through the marts of the Arabs to all the countries of Christendom. From the collection of fables commonly attributed to Æsop these Indian tales, as has been remarked by the German critic, Benfey, differ in an important point. While in the Western or Æsopic fables animals invariably appear with their proper characters and play the part of animals, in the Buddhist tales they act as men and women in the form of animals merely, and, adds the translator in his introduction, "this peculiarity of Indian conception Benfey attributes to the belief in metempsychosis, and the exclusively didactic nature of Indian tales. All tales, therefore, in which animals play the part of human beings are Indian, in form at any rate, if not in origin." Thus the Book of Kalilah and Dimnah consists of a series of stories concerning the sayings and doings of various animals who play the parts of men. Each is told to illustrate some peculiar moral or rule of conduct, and the philosopher Bidpai is supposed to have related them at the request of a certain King of India. After the manner well known in the "Thousand and One Nights," the main story generally gives rise to a number of parenthetical anecdotes, and these in turn are enlivened with conversations and proverbs.

The book opens with the "Story of the Lion and the Ox," illustrating how two loving friends may be set at variance by a crafty interloper, here represented by the ambitious jackal named Dimnah, whose companion, Kalilah, is a model of contentment, and a well-spring of good advice. From these comes the name of the book. The tale unfolds how Dimnah, the jackal, succeeds in his wiles; and the ox, falling a victim to calumny, is killed by his friend the lion. In the old Syriac version and in the Sanskrit Panchatantra the story ends here, without the slightest hint that Dimnah ever was punished for his misdeeds. In fact, in the Indian book the chapter concludes by saying that the lion troubled himself no more about the ox, but promoted Dimnah to be Minister, reigning happily ever afterwards. And, as Mr. Keith-Falconer explains, "however much this may offend against our moral feeling, it is yet in thorough harmony with Indian politics, of which the pervading spirit is a selfish egotism." However, in the Arabic version and its offshoots, of which this later Syriac is one, a long chapter has been added for the vindication of poetic justice. Here Dimnah, for his treachery, is brought to trial; and, after a clever defence, during which he and the lion's mother use unparliamentary epithets, the jackal is ultimately "put to shame by the truth

and confounded"; and the reader is edified by learning that, having been confined in a narrow place without nourishment to eat or to drink, Dimnah "died in prison in this torment." "The Story of the Ringdove," which follows, is perhaps the most pleasing in the book; its object is to point the moral of how sincere friends may always aid one another, but unfortunately it is too long for analysis here. Passing on by "The Owls and the Crows," a chapter which is greatly spun out and not very interesting, next in order is that of "The Tortoise and the Ape," setting forth the "parable of a man who amasses something and does not know how to take care of it," and this is so quaintly told that it is worthy of a more detailed notice.

A certain old ape who has been driven from his home by his younger kinsmen takes up his abode in a fig-tree planted by a pond, and supports himself on its fruit:—

As the ape was eating, there fell from him some figs into the water; and he heard the sound that they made, and it gave him pleasure. One day he saw a tortoise taking the figs out of the water and eating them. And the tortoise, thinking that the ape was throwing figs into the water for his benefit, wished to become his friend. So the tortoise called him and the ape answered him; and the two became familiar with one another, and rejoiced the one in the other. And each of them left his kith and his kin.

The tortoise, however, has a wife at home who is sore troubled at his long absence, and in no wise approves of being despised and contemned for the sake of an ape. She and a friend, therefore, devise a scheme. The tortoise receives a letter imploring his instant return home as his wife is sick, and his heart melts within him when he finds her lying on her back "very weak from illness and not able to speak." The friend hereon informs him that his wife is suffering from a malady peculiar to her sex, adding that "the only medicine for it, according to the prescription of the physicians, is an ape's heart." The tortoise is of course greatly troubled on account of his wife, and, despite qualms of conscience, conceives the idea of destroying his friend the ape in order to come by that which alone can cure his wife's sickness. This is how he argues:—

And he turned to his soul and said:—"O my soul, how canst thou destroy a loving and beloved brother, whose brotherhood thou hast gained by great labour? . . . Besides, I am afraid to be false to the promises which I made to him. But when I remember my wife, I am very much alarmed at the thought of leaving her without medicine, because she is the source of progeny, and heirs are born of her, and the fear of God is perfected in her. And I cannot gather everything into my barns, nor can my affairs arrive at absolute perfection unless I relinquish some trifle. And if this brother perish to-day, and my partner recovers health, it is no great matter; because, if this brother perish to-day another can be taken instead of him. Also the chief of the wise men commanded and admonished that 'a man should leave everything and cleave to his wife.' So he made himself ready to go to his friend the ape to catch him by fraud, in order to put him to death and take his heart from him.

The tortoise intends to kidnap his friend, leaving him on a desert island to die, and subsequently extract his heart. Under plea of carrying him to visit his (the tortoise's) wife, the ape is seduced on to the tortoise's back, and the latter proceeds to take to the water, this being the more direct route. On the voyage the tortoise, thinking that it is now of no consequence, babbles of his sorrows, and lets out that the physician has prescribed the heart of an ape as the only medicine that will cure his wife. The ape is at first aghast, but determines to meet wile with wile. He assures the tortoise that he (the ape) would not wish to withhold from his friend anything that might console his trouble and relieve his distress, and adds:—

Our women, too, are attacked by a disease similar to this one, and we give them our hearts, and they partake of them and recover. And we are not injured, except that pain comes upon us for a little while, after which we are restored to health again. If we had remembered this before we had set out from that place, I would have brought my heart with me. For I left it there for the reason that it is a disturber of the body, . . . and it is customary for the whole race of apes when invited to a feast or a banquet to leave their hearts at home, and not carry them with them lest they disturb their feast.

The sequel is obvious. Having announced that he has come without his heart, the ape begs to be allowed to return, and get that organ, which he will be only too happy to offer to his friend's wife. Once arrived at the foot of the tree, the ape, of course, immediately skips up into its branches, and beginning to revile the tortoise, further relates for his delectation the parenthetical story of the "Lion and the Fox." Touched to repentance by this parable, the tortoise is ultimately brought to confess his sin, and, being forgiven by the ape, retires to his house and his family in peace, leaving the ape to live happily ever afterwards in the fig-tree.

It had been our intention to give some further extracts from this interesting book, and especially we should have wished to do something more than merely call attention to the Mesopotamian version of one story in particular that, under various forms, has become naturalized in the literature of every civilized nation. Here it is a dreaming ascetic who, building castles in the air, amasses with his staff the earthen-pot of honey and oil which was to have become the foundation of his high fortunes. The reader, however, is recommended to turn for the details to the book itself, since the story is too short to abridge, and it is too long for extract in the space that remains to us. English readers in truth owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Keith-Falconer for the scholarly way in which he has performed his labours. It has been announced lately that a new edition and translation into English of Nöldeke's *Syrische Grammatik* is shortly to appear. The study

of Syriac, therefore, is happily once more engaging the attention of scholars in England, and without doubt they will find that, for practice in reading, the text with the translation that lies before us will prove of incalculable assistance in lightening to the beginner in Syriac his early labours.

### THREE NOVELS.\*

*STEYNEVILLE* is, in many respects, a perfectly unique production. Not from its dullness, though it is very dull indeed, not from its prolixity, though it is very prolix, but from its amazing conception of historical facts. We read through the first volume with a distinct impression that we were reading a novel about the reign of Queen Anne (vol. i. p. 114-126). We sympathized with the sympathizers of the Old Chevalier, and were present at a dinner-table where sat Pope, Prior, Swift, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. We let the years roll by with the expectation of hearing the shouts of "Long live King George"; but, though the Queen regnant was only on the throne twelve years, and the hero grows from the age of eight till he becomes the father of a large and talkative family of children, there is not a word from the first page to the last to show that "Queen Anne is dead." Suddenly we are electrified with the intelligence that one of the characters is waving a snuff-box bestowed on him by "la Pompadour," and before we have recovered from the blow, we are sent staggering by the statement that several noble lords are discussing the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and *Clarissa Harlowe*. Though we are far from desiring that any book should be written in the mongrel style that is a modern writer's idea of the language spoken by Addison or Horace Walpole, yet we object to modern turns of expression introduced into a period more abounding than any other in classic purity of speech. And even if it is considered hypercritical to object to a turn of phrase such as "Yours most sincerely," or to hint that the name "Violet" was not much more common in the reign of Queen Anne than coronets upon letter-paper, what is to be said in favour of the grammar of such sentences as "Nothing was to be done but pursuit." The reader knows exactly how it all came about. He is aware that the writer first thought she would volley the ball and then take it on the hop, with the disastrous result that she did not take it at all. Undecided whether she will say "Nothing was to be done but to pursue," or "Nothing was left but pursuit," she tries to amalgamate them, and comes to grief. But why should we spend our time in exhaustive criticisms, when the author (vol. iii. p. 176) has summed up herself all that can be said on the matter? "Why," she writes, "did she meddle with a dead tongue, when she didn't get on too well with her own." Here the case is put in a nutshell, for the number of tongues "meddled with" by Miss Gingold are legion, and she "gets on" equally ill with them all. "C'est n'est que l'audace qui trouve la place," soliloquizes a French gentleman in vol. i. p. 97. "Il-y-a à voir les plus grand personnes entre les poètes," exclaims an Abbé (vol. ii. p. 223), while his pupil objects to some proceedings earlier in the volume on the ground that it is "against les convenances." "J'y suis j'y reste" occurs more than once one hundred and sixty years before the expression became proverbial, till the reader, like the heroine, feels "a little enuyée." Nor does Italian fare much better, and we do not wonder that the Italian girl declines to say "Arividarci" even at the bidding of her lover. These are but a few specimens of the pretentious silliness of the book. We have no time to insist on the confusion of dates, on the wearisome tirades, on the incessant anachronisms, and on the wildness of the incidents. The author has a severe course of study before her ere she is in the least fitted to write a book. She must turn her attention to grammar, languages, history, composition, and, let us add, Debrett, in order to understand that in no order of aristocracy can a man be spoken of as "Lord Halifax Abingdale" and "Halifax, seventh Lord of Abingdale."

*My Wife's Niece* is a book of considerably higher order, but it hardly yields so much innocent amusement. Many of the characters are well conceived, but they are handled unskillfully, and there is too much of them. They likewise seem to possess such a number of town and country houses within about ten miles that the brain becomes quite confused. Still the story is well imagined, though it would have been more dramatic if the usual murder had been committed intentionally as an act of deliberate revenge, than for death to have resulted merely accidentally from an angry push. It is only after this tragedy that the author's full strength is put forth. Before, the reader has been sighing a little over the long array of domestic excitements, all intended, no doubt, to heighten the contrast of what was to follow, but yet rather unnecessarily prolonged. As soon, however, as Lewis Ingram has struck down the banker who, after showering benefits on him, has stood in the way of his marriage, the reader's interest is thoroughly aroused. The picture of the terror-stricken man is horrible in its reality, and the efforts he makes to hide the truth from the wife, whom, in spite of his uncle, he has won through her pity, are pathetic as well as true. This wife, Mildred, has something strong and

\* *Steyneville*; or, *Fated Fortunes*. By Hélène E. A. Gingold. 3 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1885.

*My Wife's Niece*. By the Author of "Dr. Edith Romney." 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1885.

*The Stockbroker's Wife*. By Bracebridge Hemming. Edited by John Shaw. London: J. & K. Maxwell. 1885.



original about her, though her remorse for her moment of encouragement of the then wealthy Lewis strikes us as exaggerated. The hero, or co-hero, Rupert Heathcote, is only a shadow, and his sister Gussy a pretty little nonentity. Mr. Norton is graphically drawn in his scheming noisy vulgarity, and the fear which he inspires in his kindred; but we, like his wife and children, would have willingly compounded for less of his company. The style of the book is often clumsy, and there is occasionally a want of clearness owing to the number of parentheses. Mme. du Defland said she loved the broken sentences in which English people wrote and talked; but paragraphs such as the following may not be equally pleasant to all readers:—"The phrase had given Mildred an uncomfortable little chill; it was extravagant in the extreme—she knew it was not to be taken literally—but it stuck to her." Or again:—"But he did see that this eminently proper line of action and motive would be especially repugnant to Mildred; so repugnant to her pride that she would probably owe the man she accepted a deep grudge—an earnest of which grudge was surely to be found in her stiffness, her reluctant, almost defiant, reception of his advances; and the prospect of combating this grudge already allured and charmed him." When the author has learnt to correct this awkwardness of style, and better to proportion the different parts of her work, she will be in a fair way to make a good novelist.

Surely such a set of wildly foolish sensational stories never found themselves together as those which are collected under the cover of *The Stockbroker's Wife*. In all of them the *argot* of the Stock Exchange is as much in use as that of the ring among a circle of betting-men. Even the ladies do not escape the infection, if the members of the female sex who figure in these pages may be described by such a title. The stockbroker's wife herself is the daughter of a general, and her sister is married to one Lord Newberry. The habits of life of the newly-wedded ladies are described in very remarkable language:—"The sisters were greatly attached to each other, and, being much alone, visited frequently at their houses, the former residing in Belgravia, the other in a large mansion in Sandown Square, Bayswater." We are told respecting the husbands that, "being a broker, Roland Langford was of necessity always in the City, and Lord Newberry was a politician and member of Parliament"—the two are not always identical—"his father being the head of a ducal house, sitting in the House of Lords." We have tried in vain to grasp the meaning of this statement. Is it the ducal house that sat in the House of Lords—if so, at that period it must have been inconveniently overcrowded—or was it the duke himself, or could an exception have been made in favour of his son? The point is wrapped in mystery; the only thing certain is that the seat did not remain empty. It was probably from associating with Lord Newberry that both sisters learned to speak of gentlemen without any prefix to their names; but it is not clear who taught Lady Newberry that a pelargonium was a rare flower. Misapprehension likewise prevails on the subject of a carriage (p. 11), which is in one place spoken of as an "open landau" and twelve lines below as a brougham. We incline, however, to think that the vehicle was most likely a landau, for the day was fine and the ladies were smartly dressed, or, to use an expression of Miss Mather's, "in their most swagger clothes." But it would be unfair to unravel the plot of *The Stockbroker's Wife*, who proves herself possessed of an organ of second sight that must have been eminently useful in her husband's profession. To second sight she added heroism; but heroic though she was, she is beaten on her own ground by the girl who plunges her hand into molten lead to extract a packet of bank-notes, flung there by a defaulter in a moment of rage and shame. It was hard on the young lady that, after having sacrificed her right hand for ever, she found it was of no use, for the defaulter not only threw the notes back again, but himself after them. We can only in ending express our sympathy with the worldly young woman who, after having married a man for his money, is buried by him in a villa at Walton. When she expresses a wish to come up to London to shop, he exclaims in a tone of the utmost surprise, "Have you not Egham, Staines, or Chertsey to shop in?" To any one who has ever visited these capitals, it will appear that "Robert's Folly" instead of "Maggie's Folly" would have been the proper name for the story.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

**M.** ÉMILE BOURGEOIS'S essay on the famous Capitulary of Kiersy (1), which—since Montesquieu, at any rate—almost all historians have taken as the base and muniment of the feudal system in France, is one of the most interesting of the numerous interesting and well-executed historical monographs which France now produces in such large numbers. We have called the Capitulary of Kiersy famous; but it is just possible that some people may have forgotten for what it is famous. It is because Montesquieu, following a much less known historian of the previous century, Cordemoy, declared that in this document is to be found the first establishment by Charles the Bald of the principle of hereditary devolution of counties and other great territorial offices. The statement has been generally, though not universally, accepted till very recently, and it has pointed out

a few invectives or wailings over the degeneracy of the descendants of Charlemagne. The point of M. Bourgeois's book lies in his calling in question the fact whether any such provisions as would be required to establish Montesquieu's position are to be found in the Kiersy Capitulary—a series of articles proposed in the king's name to the barons and great officers, and supposed to be answered or accepted by them. M. Bourgeois goes further, and seems to found on a certain passage of the document ("Et pro hoc nulla irascatur si eundem comitatum alteri cui nobis placuerit dederimus") an argument that the traditional construction of the Capitulary was expressly guarded against. The point is one of considerable importance and of great nicety; nor do we intend to discuss it at length here. Some objections may be taken to M. Bourgeois's handling of it. Thus, though he quotes the necessary passages in foot-notes, he has omitted to give the whole document which he is discussing at length and together—an omission of some importance. As this would have at most taken a few pages of appendix, it seems to be a rather inexcusable omission. In the second place, he has been somewhat guilty of the offence of beating about the bush. Three hundred large and closely-printed pages are scarcely needed for the exposition of a point which could be put more forcibly and much more clearly in twenty. Nor has he, and this is his third fault, made use of this or a greater length of treatment to deal with the whole subject of the origin of French feudalism. Indeed, he rather ostentatiously declines to do any such thing. He is content with showing that it certainly did not start full-grown and full-armed at Kiersy-sur-Oise in the year 877 out of the brain, or the absence of brain, contained in the bald head of a certain king named Charles. This is a service in its way, both intrinsically and as a blow to the slowly-dying historical theory of epochs and eras and sharply-drawn lines, on one side of which a thing is, and on the other side of which it is not. But it is certainly open to a caviller to say that M. Bourgeois has included so much not directly bearing on his point that he might surely have included a little more. This, however, would, after all, be cavil. It may perhaps be hoped that M. Bourgeois, whose acquaintance with Carolingian history is evidently great, will expand his already half-expanded theory still further, and turn the essay which conveys it into a deliberate constitutional history of the "kings of the second race." It would be worth doing, and he seems to have both the knowledge, the ability, and (to some extent at least) the inclination necessary for doing it.

*Dans le train* (2) is one of those volumes of *propos de ville et propos de campagne* which are becoming more and more common, and the contents of which generally, though we suppose not always, have done duty before in the columns of some newspaper. To speak the honest truth, a good deal of talent is wasted in these books, though perhaps it may be contended that it would have been equally wasted if it had not been so used. "Ange Bénigne" is an old hand at the sort of thing which the *Vie Parisienne* may be said to have first made popular—short sketches, chiefly in dialogue, not penetrated with such a severe morality as the literature favoured by the Salvation Army, but, fortunately, also free from the peculiar expression of that morality which the Salvation Army affects. The book is rather intended to be read "dans le train" than representative of railway travelling, and will serve its purpose well enough. *Les Haute manière* (3) is a story of Norman peasant life, showing not inconsiderable power on the one side, and the study of rather bad models on the other. The end is extremely sensational, but not unimpressive, and M. Canivet (if he will get out of the way of describing the making of an omelet in two pages) should do well. There is also merit, though less, in another book, which seems to be a *début*. Perhaps "Yoonel" (4) is intended for "O'Connell," and the remembrance of the brave old days of "O'Neddy" and "Mackeat" soften the mind of the reader as he thinks so. The author of *Les idées de Pierre qui roule* should have done something better than *Zélie Clairon* (5). The book is long, and in parts disagreeable, while its catastrophe is so extravagant that we suppose it must have actually occurred.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**THE** Vicar of Elstow's *John Bunyan: a Memoir* (Bedford: Baker) is a plain and unpretentious narrative, well considered and carefully compiled. The more exhaustive biographies of Bunyan being beyond general reach, Mr. Copner's little book may be commended for its temperate tone and strict adherence to essentials. Several interesting questions are discussed in it that were left debatable even by Southey. In the first place, much circumstantial evidence is skilfully marshalled to show that Bunyan fought in the King's army, and not, as Southey supposed, on the side of the Parliament. In other respects than this, Mr. Copner shares the views of Mr. Froude, and urges them with much cogency. The notion that Bunyan was confined for twelve years in the wretched bridge-prison at Bedford is still very popular, though the truth is far pleasanter than the fable. The exact nature of the imprisonment and the comparative leniency of Bunyan's treatment are now well established. While, however, Mr. Copner deals sternly with baseless sentiment, he handles local traditions tenderly and substantiates them in a few instances.

(2) *Dans le train*. Par Ange Bénigne. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *Les Haute manière*. Par Charles Canivet. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *Clément Fivières*. Par Yoonel. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Zélie Clairon*. Par Louis Davyl. Paris: Ollendorff.

(1) *La capitulaire de Kiersy-sur-Oise*. Par Emile Bourgeois. Paris: Hachette.

So much error has crept into popular sketches of Bunyan's life, with so much that is exaggerated and sensational, or too warm a rendering of his own fervid confessions, that Mr. Copner's sensible contribution is a welcome corrective.

Mr. Maurice Hime writes of his profession with rare and becoming enthusiasm in *A Schoolmaster's Retrospect* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) Eighteen years' experience as head of an Irish grammar-school might well be expected to suggest much that is thoughtful and valuable, and Mr. Hime's survey more than fulfils the expectation. Educational topics and questions of discipline and training are treated in a broad and enlightened spirit, full of interest to parents and tutors alike. Especially admirable is the section of Mr. Hime's essay on the insufficiency of mere Biblical instruction and the distinctions between Biblical and religious education.

To the practical mind practical philosophy implies a system that is practicable—that may be applied, in short, to life and conduct by the individual. *The Outlines of Practical Philosophy* of Hermann Lotze (Boston: Ginn), translated by Professor Ladd, of Yale College, contains much that is suggestive as an exposition of ethical principles, and more that stimulates speculation. The coherence and stability of a system are, however, scarcely characteristics of these interesting outlines.

The anomalies of our railway system, the evidence before Parliamentary Committees, and the working of recent legislation, are discussed by "Hercules" in *British Railways and Canals* (Field & Tuer). The relations between railway management and Government control are very fully considered, and some startling facts are adduced from Blue Books illustrating the enormous differences in goods and passenger rates of English Railway Companies. The many phases of the long struggle between manufacturers and carriers in and out of Parliament are considered at some length, and the author offers a scheme for terminal charges that merits attention. A large portion of the book is devoted to questions of more immediate interest to the public, such as fares, Sunday traffic, uniformity of rates, and other matters that concern the passenger, for whose welfare the author suggests many notable reforms.

Mr. Walter Parke's *Patter Poems, Humorous and Serious* (Vizetelly), include many sparkling and merry lays, well adapted for recitation, and sure of the approval of the audience. The poems called "serious" are so much less interesting, ingenious, and skilful than the ludicrous "polyglot patter," that it is a hard matter reading them. We hope, indeed, Mr. Parke will cease to be serious, and continue to produce humours as delightful as the "Wounded What's-his-Name"—a terrible nightmare poem—and the pleasant and truthful sketch of "The Demon Tragedian."

Mr. Peter Burn, like the poet Close, is a Lake poet of some reputation apparently, for his works, though getting out of print, are now collected in one volume of *Poems* (Bemrose). Mr. Burn's compass is slight, and the general impression of his poetry is decidedly monotonous. The best of his poems are the English Border ballads, published in 1874, which, as we can readily believe, enjoy some local renown; but, on the whole, as Byron once wished the old Lakers would exchange their lakes for oceans, so we may metaphorically express our regret that the moderns do not enlarge their pools to lakes.

In his *Songs of the Country* (Remington & Co.) Mr. Staunton Brodie ekes out his poetic fancy with a number of vignettes, that give the key to the compositions or vaguely embellish them. Both verses and vignettes are of the feeblest description. One of these "Songs of the Country" humorously tells of a little town boy who annoyed his neighbours, particularly one old gentleman, by playing the exasperating drum. The old gentleman was riled by the naughty boy, which was natural enough, as the poet observes:—

You must all of you see  
How wrong it must be  
When a gentleman's face it inflames.

The inflammable gentleman was visited by a happy thought. He gave Tommy a knife:—

Let us probe, little boy,  
This inveterate toy  
That is deafening me and my wife.

No sooner said than done; and the end was peace. And this is what humour and poetry have come to.

Of M. W. F.'s *Songs in the Night* (Bosworth) we have no heart for utterance, in the face of the author's piteous plea:—

I dinna fear the critics;  
The critics they are men,  
My brithers a', an' they maun write  
The truth, we brawly ken;  
But brithers, min' pure Johnnie Keats,  
I dinna want to dee.

The italics are not our own.

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# MR. J. P. HOPE will SELL by AUCTION, on the Premises, on Tuesday, September 22, and two following days, at Twelve for One each day. On view day prior. Catalogues, now ready, may be had at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C. 1, of Messrs. Haynall & Son, 41 Chancery Lane, W.C. 1; and of the Auctioneer, North London Station, Acton, W.

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# ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,

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The WINTER SESSION of 1885-6 will commence on October 1, when an Introductory Address will be delivered by A. O. MAC KILLAN, Esq., M.Ch., at 3 P.M.  
TWO ENTRANCE SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of £100 and £50 respectively, open to all first-year Students, will be offered for competition. The Examination will be held on October 5, 6, and 7, and the subjects will be Chemistry and Physics, with either Botany or Zoology, at the option of Candidates.

Special Classes are held throughout the year for the "PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC" and "INTERMEDIATE M.B." Examinations of the UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

All Hospital Appointments are open to Students without extra charge. Scholarships and Money Prizes of considerable value are awarded at the Seasonal Examinations, as also several Medals. The Fees may be paid in one sum or by instalments. Entries may be made to Lectures or to Hospital Practice, and special arrangements are made for Students entering in their second or subsequent years; also for Dental Students and for Qualified Practitioners.

Several Medical Practitioners and Private Families residing in the neighbourhood receive Students for residence and supervision, and a register of approved lodgings is kept in the Secretary's office.

Prospectuses and all particulars may be obtained from the Medical Secretary, Mr. GEORGE HENDLE.

W. M. ORD, Dean.

# THE LONDON HOSPITAL AND MEDICAL COLLEGE,

Mile End, E.—The SESSION 1885-6 will commence on Thursday, October 1, 1885. As the College will be in course of enlargement, there will be no Public Distribution of Prizes this year. FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £60, £40, £30, and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Fees for Lectures and Hospital Practice, 50 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free, and the holders of all the Resident Appointments are provided with rooms and board entirely at the expense of the College. The Resident Appointments consist of Five House-Physicians, Five House-Surgeons, One Accoucheurship, and One Receiving Room Officer. Two Dressers and Two Maternity Pupils also reside in the Hospital.

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# ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,

Hyde Park Corner, S.W.  
The WINTER SESSION will commence, October 1, with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by TIMOTHY HOLMES, Esq., F.R.C.S., at 4 P.M.

A Prospectus of the School, and further information, may be obtained by personal application between One and Three P.M., or by letter addressed to the DEAN at the Hospital.

# WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL.—OPENING OF THE NEW

MEDICAL SCHOOL BUILDINGS, October 1.—INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Mr. GEORGE COWELL, at 3 P.M., followed by the Distribution of Prizes by Sir RUTHVEN ALCOCK, K.C.B., and Conversations.

The ANNUAL DINNER of the Staff and old and present Students, will be held on Monday, October 5, at 6.45 P.M., at the Holborn Restaurant, Dr. FINCHAM in the Chair.

PRIZES.—Entrance Scholarships, value £80 and £40, on examination. Subjects: Latin (Cæsar, The Gallic War, Books V. and VI.), French or German, Mathematics, Chemistry, and Experimental Physics; on September 29 and 30.

The Treasurer's Prize, value 100 Guineas, for first year's subjects. The President's Prize, value 50 Guineas, in Anatomy and Physiology, for second year's men. Prizes for Clinical Medicine and Surgery of 25 each. Special class prizes. Bird Prize and Medal, 45s. Chadwick Prize, £21, &c.

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# GUY'S HOSPITAL.—The MEDICAL SESSION commences

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Special Classes are held in the Hospital for Students preparing for the Examinations of the University of London and of other examining Boards.

Appointments.—The House-Surgeons and House-Physicians, the Obstetric Residents, Clinical Assistants and Dressers, are selected from the Students, according to merit, and without payment. There are also a large number of Junior Appointments, every part of the Hospital Practice being systematically employed for instruction.

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For Prospects and further information apply to the Dean, Dr. F. TAYLOR.

Guy's Hospital, London, S.E., July 1885.

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The object of this Institution is to provide Pensions to bond fide Farmers, their Wives, Widows, and unmarried Orphan daughters. Six hundred and sixty-five Pensioners, many of whom are over eighty years of age, are now being maintained at an annual cost of £14,000. Four hundred persons who have cultivated holdings, varying from 2,000 to 100 acres, and have been ruined through the various causes of agricultural failure, are seeking election. To provide for these, an additional £10,000 a year is required.

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OFFICES:

All communications to be addressed to the HON. SECRETARIES, Church Congress Office, Pembroke Road, Portsmouth.

TICKETS:

Admission to the Meetings will be by TICKETS ONLY. Tickets, admitting Ladies or Gentlemen (but not transferable), can be had only from the HON. SECRETARIES. Applications must be accompanied by a remittance. Cheques and P.O. Orders payable to A. H. WOOD. Stamps cannot be received.

MEMBERS' TICKETS:

7s. 6d. each, admitting to all the Meetings of the week, except those of the Working-Men and Soldiers and Sailors.

DAY TICKETS:

2s. 6d. each, will be issued for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. The day must be specified on application, and the ticket will be available only for meetings on that day.

WORKING-MEN'S AND SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MEETINGS:

These meetings are for Working-Men and Soldiers and Sailors only. A limited number of Platform Tickets will be issued at 3s. 6d. each.

LODGINGS:

A Register of Lodgings is kept at the Congress Office, and information as to lodgings and hotels will be given to members, on their stating the amount and nature of the accommodation they require. A list of lodgings and hotels will be sent on application.

FURTHER INFORMATION:

For Church Services, lists of subjects, hotel and refreshment charges, railway, postal, and other arrangements, see "The Official Programme," price 3d., post free, to be had at the Congress Office early in September.

Inquiries for further information must be accompanied with a stamped and directed envelope.

RAILWAY AND STEAMBOAT ARRANGEMENTS.

Return Tickets at Single Fare will be issued to members of Congress, on the presentation of their Congress Ticket, from any station on the South-Western and London, Brighton, & South Coast Railways, distant at least ten miles from Portsmouth, on the six days of Congress week, October 5 to 10, available to return on any of these days.

A SPECIAL STEAMER will leave Victoria Pier for Ryde on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of Congress week, at 10 P.M.

In connection with this steamer, a special train will run each night, from Ryde Pier Head to Ventnor, calling at intermediate stations, not St. Helens or Bembridge. The Isle of Wight Railway Company have also arranged for special return excursion tickets, to be issued from their stations, to all persons attending the Congress on each day, on the presentation of their Congress Ticket:—

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## FREEHOLD BUILDING GROUND, CITY OF LONDON.—

The COMMISSIONERS of SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, the 6th day of October, 1885, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Proposals for taking, on Building Leases for a term of Eighty Years, SEVERAL PLOTS of very valuable FREEHOLD GROUND, situate in Ludgate Hill, at the corner of Ludgate Hill and Creed Lane and Gracechurch Street.  
 Further particulars, with conditions and printed forms of proposal, may be had on application at this office, where plans of the ground may also be seen.  
 The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any proposal.  
 Persons making proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, on the above-mentioned day, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, and the parties whose offers are accepted will be required to execute an agreement and bond at the same time.  
 Proposals must be endorsed on the outside "Tender for Ground, Ludgate Hill," or otherwise, as the case may be, and be delivered in, addressed to the undersigned, before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.  
 Sewers' Office, Guildhall:  
 September 1, 1885.

HENRY BLAKE,

Principal Clerk.

## TO CONTRACTORS AND OTHERS.—THE STREETS COM-

MITTEE of the COMMISSIONERS of SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Friday, September 20, 1885, at Two o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the Erection of a SCAVENGER'S DEPOT in Stony Lane, in accordance with Plans and Specification to be seen at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners, in the Guildhall.  
 Tenders are to be sealed, endorsed on the outside "Tender for Depot," and be delivered in, addressed to the undersigned, before Two o'clock on the said day.  
 Parties making proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Two o'clock on the said day.  
 Security will be required for the due performance of the Contract.  
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